

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

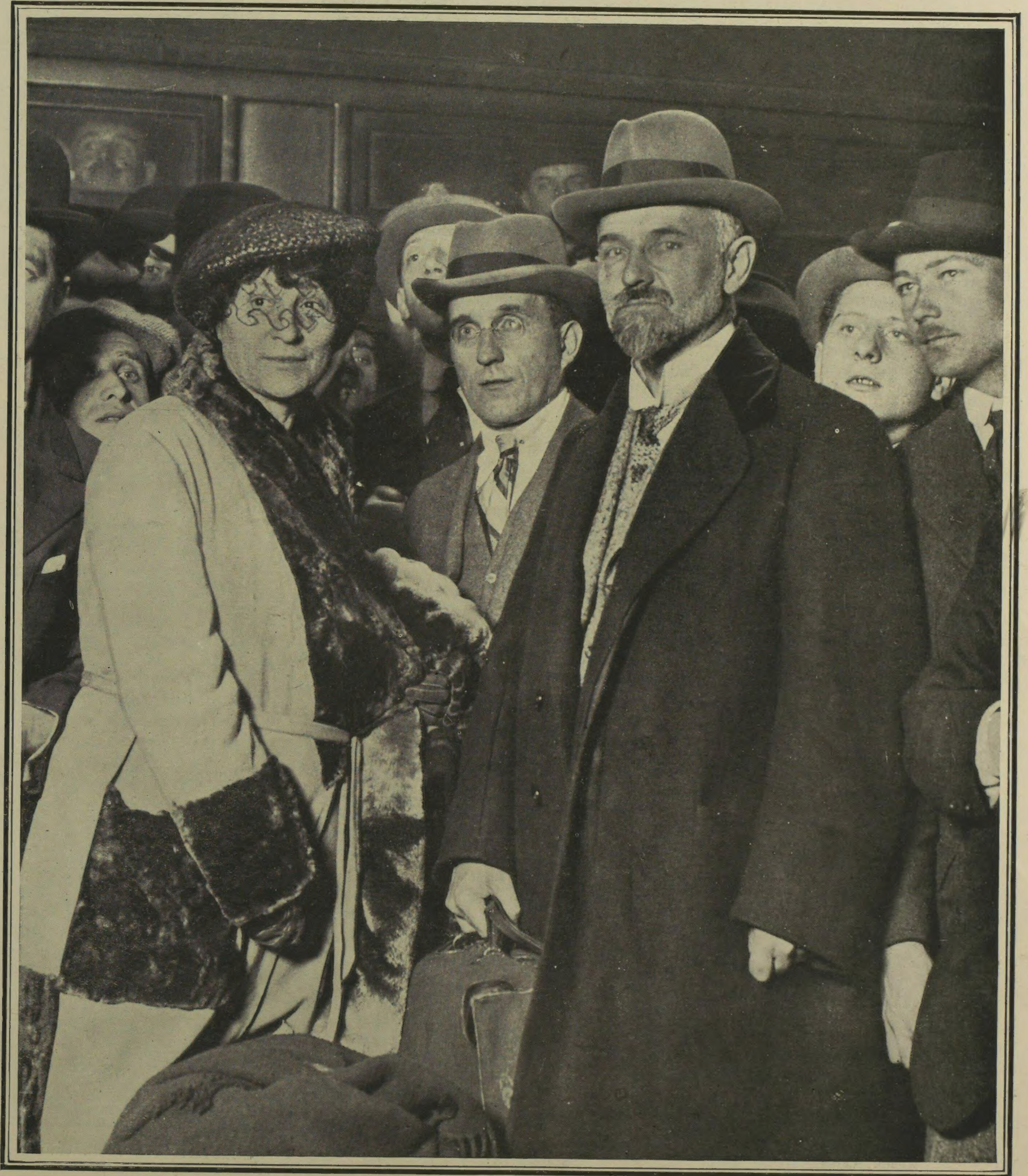
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SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1920.

ONE SHILLING.

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RECEIVED AT 10, DOWNING STREET, BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE: M. KRASSIN AT KING'S CROSS STATION, WITH MME. KRASSIN.

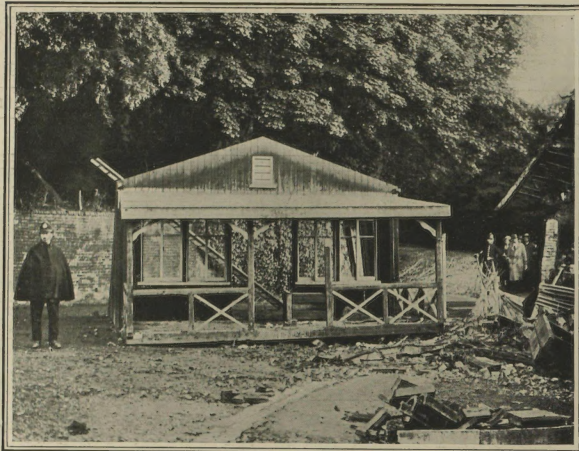
On May 31 the following official statement was issued: "A Conference took place at 10, Downing Street this afternoon between the Prime Minister, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Curzon, Sir Robert Horne, and Mr. Harmsworth on the one hand, and M. Krassin and M. Klishko on the other. A preliminary discussion took place in regard to the reopening of trade relations between Russia and Western Europe." M. Leonid Borisovitch Krassin, head of the Bolshevist commercial delegation, is a member of the Central Soviet Committee, was born in Siberia in 1870; is an engineer; is a well-known organiser; and is a very considerable figure in modern Russia. He has been exiled twice. In 1901, he

joined the Central Committee of the Russian Social Democratic Workmen's Party; and four years later he was outlawed and escaped to Geneva. Later he worked politically and at his profession in Petrograd, Berlin, and Moscow. His connection with the Soviet Republic dates from 1917, when he went to Brest-Litovsk to treat with the Germans in company with Lenin and Trotsky. On his return to Moscow, he was elected President of the Supreme Council of National Economics and Chairman of the Equipment Committee of the Red Army. A year last March he became Commissary of the People for Ways and Communications. He was recently in Copenhagen, with his delegation, and with M. Litvinoff.

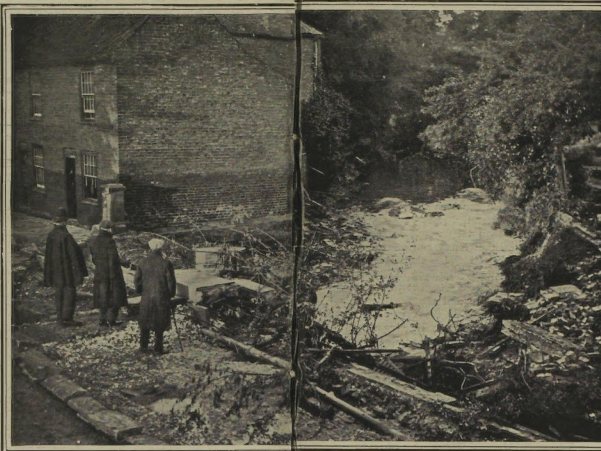
PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOPRESS.

"AND THE FLOODS CAME": EFFECTS OF THE CLOUD-BURST AT LOUTH, WHERE OVER TWENTY PEOPLE WERE DROWNED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. N. SPORT AND GENERAL.



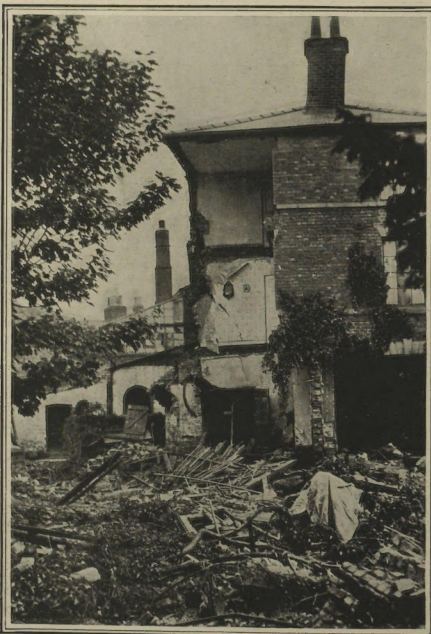
CARRIED BODILY AWAY FOR 300 YARDS AND LEFT BLOCKING A ROAD: A PAVILION FROM A DOCTOR'S GARDEN.



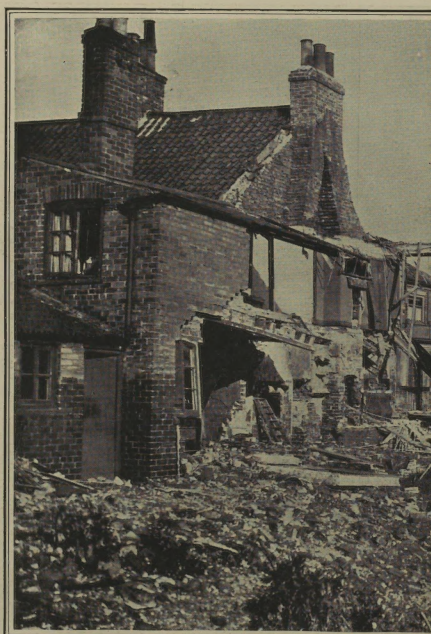
KNOWN AS TENNYSON'S "BROOK": THE PATH WHICH SUDDENLY BECAME A ROARING TORRENT, OVER IT WRECKED.



"IT SWEEPED AWAY A MOTOR GARAGE AND ALL THE CARS IN IT": EXAMINING HIS LATEST PURCHASE, AFTER THE FLOOD.



WHERE A THREE-STOREY HOUSE STOOD BEFORE THE DISASTER: RUINS AND DÉBRIS LEFT BY THE FLOOD.



SHOWING ON THE LEFT THE HOUSE OF MR. AND MRS. SWIN



WHO, WITH THEIR DAUGHTER, WERE DROWNED IN THE LOWER PART OF THE BUILDING: THE JUNCTION OF JAMES STREET AND RAM'S GATE, THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST DESTRUCTION AND LOSS OF LIFE.

A terrible flood, caused, it is believed, by a cloud-burst on neighbouring hills, suddenly swept through the little town of Louth, in Lincolnshire, on the afternoon of Saturday, May 29. The peaceful little River Ludd, which flows through the town and is known as Tennyson's "Brook"—perhaps from the fact that he was once at Louth Grammar School—rose fifteen feet within half an hour, broke down the bridge which held it up for a time, and overwhelmed the town in a raging flood some 200 yards wide. Normally, the stream is only about fifteen feet across and two or three feet deep. The people were taken utterly unawares, and in many cases were trapped in the lower rooms of their houses by the rush of water. At the junction

of James Street and Ram's Gate, three houses were completely washed away, and several other buildings were entirely destroyed, including the Fire Station in Engine Gate, the Artillery Drill Hall, a workshop, and a motor garage. A pavilion from the garden of Dr. Higgins was carried 300 yards down a road. At the time he was attending a maternity case, and helped to rescue his patient and her husband. On June 1 the number of lives lost was given as twenty-two. Among them were Mr. John Swingle (aged 69), his wife (66), and their daughter Marguerite May (21). They were caught by the flood in the lower part of their house in Ram's Gate and drowned. The house is shown on the left in the large photograph above.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

COMPULSION is the highly modern mark of a great many modern things; compulsory education, compulsory insurance, compulsory temperance, and soon, perhaps, compulsory arbitration. What is not so often noted is that even where we may think it necessary, it is never vital, in the sense of dealing with the life and soul of the subject. Education does not discover why the poor are ignorant; insurance does not discover why they are ill. Indeed, the one story the schools will not teach the poor is how they became poor; and the one disease the hospitals cannot cure is their poverty. It may be inevitable, but it is also indisputable, about many other such things in this and other countries, especially industrial countries. They are wide but they are shallow. Prohibition is a wild and sweeping change; but it is the very reverse of a fundamental change. It is not a revolutionary or even a radical reform.

It is by definition the opposite of radical, because it refuses to go to the root. It is like the wide sweep of a walking-stick which should knock off the heads of countless poppies or thistles, while leaving their roots in the ground to grow again. It is this combination of the sweeping with the superficial of which the soul is impatient, especially intellectual impatience; and it is this impatience which is the note of the barbarian, and especially of the barbarian despot. It would be easy to imagine an Arabian romance about a Sultan whose Grand Vizier had his throat cut by his barber; and who immediately forbade razors throughout the length and breadth of his empire. He would be doing something on a large, imperial scale worthy of the size of his empire. But he would hardly be attacking the deepest causes of the discontent of that empire. He would hardly be discovering, for instance, why

the barber had killed the Grand Vizier. He would be unduly elated with the mere discovery of how the barber had killed him. Then when he has carefully excluded all razors, he will be very much surprised when the next Grand Vizier is killed with a red-hot poker. He will be still more surprised to find that an increasing number of his critics have passed from razors to red-hot poker, as an increasing number of Americans are passing from drink to drugs. Thus slowly will that Sultan, being a savage, begin to have a glimmering of the great first principle of practical politics; that the sin is in a man's soul and not in his tools or his toys; and that in so far as his soul is affected by them, it is affected by all of them, and not by one in unique and unearthly isolation.

But what interests me at the moment is the larger question of liberty. Prohibition is the prohibition of one particular private object or instrument; like a pocket-knife, or a box of matches, or a fountain pen. You can commit murder with a pocket-knife; or arson with a box of matches; or forgery with a fountain pen.

But if our rulers thought that these crimes were becoming so common that it was necessary to penalise the mere possession of the mere instruments, it is at least clear that we should be conscious of a new and rather annoying interference with our private life. We should probably say that such a degree of interference was inconsistent with any degree of independence. We should say that if we are not to be trusted with knives and matches, we are not to be trusted with arms and legs; we ought to be locked up and not allowed to walk about the streets. But the cause is much larger than any particular case; it is the cause for which the Great War was fought, and on which still hangs the hope of the world.

The barbarian of old time wondered at the great Republic because it was "a nation of kings." The barbarians of modern times wonder still more at this

universal interference. France was the central fortress of the idea of civic freedom. But England also has in the past been the home of this healthier idea, if it was rather less consciously entertained as an idea.

The great English limitation has been the love of liberty without equality or fraternity. But even our limitations are less English than they were. In the modern manufacturing cities, the clumsy and corrupt machines of mere capitalism, something like the reverse is already true. They have wholly sacrificed liberty, not indeed to real fraternity and equality, but to the sham fraternity of philanthropists and the negative equality of slaves. Indeed, liberty is the very last idea that seems to occur to anybody, in considering any political or social proposal. It is only necessary for anybody for any reason to allege any evidence of any evil in any human practice, for people instantly

to suggest that the practice should be suppressed by the police. They have not the shadow of a notion of how to draw the line anywhere; they confess themselves that they can see no reason why the policeman, if he regulates drinking, should not regulate smoking, and then sleeping, and then speaking, and then breathing. All of these are ways in which men can do harm to others and themselves; and this sort of social reformer has entirely forgotten any idea that their problems should be settled by themselves and not by others.

The whole point of liberty, and the only point of democracy, is expressed in the word self-government. The word implies that a man should not be governed by another than himself; but it also implies that a man should be governed by himself. It implies that there is a moral authority in man, because there

is a moral authority above man; and that the divine part of human nature has legitimate rule over the bestial. But it also implies that over large parts of his life at least, he must exercise this moral authority himself, and if it is taken from him he becomes a slave. When so acute a critic as M. Leon Daudet says that democracy is by definition plutocratic, he obviously means a democracy that is not democratic. But it is certain that, whatever we call it, the modern thing that he calls democracy, and I call plutocracy, is not in any sense self-government. It is not even self-possession; it is the possession of oneself by something else that is not a self. There are no limits to this impersonal power over a man, not even the limits of a personality. There is some calculable maximum of what a king can do, or is likely to want to do. There is no possibility of calculating the chaotic forces of all the wealth and fashion and fads and social influences in the world, unloosed against the individual. An impersonal law may be better than a personal ruler; but an impersonal lawlessness is worse than anything.



THE GREEK ROYAL ROMANCE: KING ALEXANDER AND HIS WIFE IN PARIS.

It became known a few days ago that King Alexander of Greece was married, last November, to Mlle. Manos, of Athens, a member of one of the oldest Greek families. Her father, who was well known in Athenian Society, was a Colonel in the Army, and held the post of Grand Equerry. A "Times" correspondent at Athens says: "The unofficial marriage ceremony is said to have been performed (at the house of Mlle. Manos' sister) by a priest without the Metropolitan's licence and the other due legal formalities required for royal weddings. The marriage . . . is not recognised by the Constitution, but it is also considered null by civil law. During a recent journey of King Alexander to Salonika, Mlle. Manos established herself in the royal palace . . . but she was obliged by the Government to leave Greece and settle in Paris."—[Photo. Farrington Photo. Co.]

strange notion—wonder so much that they give up trying to understand it, and prefer to despise it. The Prussians were the supreme barbarians who supremely despised it. They could imagine no power except a power without limit. They lacked the power of the citizen, because it is like the power of the artist; it consists in drawing the line somewhere. The idea of the nation of kings is that every citizen respects every other citizen, as a king respects another king; not merely as a matter of equality but also of dignity. It is as if there were a flag on every roof and a frontier at the end of every front garden. The area of choice for the citizen is circumscribed by the city; but within that area of choice he does really choose. His home, his habits, his relation to the family he has founded and the friends he has made—these are really regarded in the true Republic as invested with a certain dignity and even sanctity that descends from Rome. This was the conception which, under a thousand complications of cosmopolitan politics, was really fighting for its life against Prussia, with her professors and inspectors and experts and educational spies, trained to

FLOOD-STRICKEN LOUTH: HOMES DESTROYED AND CHILDREN DROWNED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO. AND I.B.



"APPROXIMATELY 200 HOUSES ARE UNINHABITABLE": A FLOODED STREET IN LOUTH, LIKE A CANAL.



WHEN THE WATERS BEGAN TO SUBSIDE: A FLOODED ROAD IN LOUTH, AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.



DROWNED UNDER THE MOTHER'S EYES: ONE OF MR. AND MRS. BERRY'S CHILDREN.



A VICTIM OF THE FLOOD: ONE OF MR. AND MRS. BERRY'S CHILDREN DROWNED.



DROWNED IN HIS HOME: A LITTLE SON OF MR. AND MRS. BERRY.



WHERE ONE FIREMAN WAS DROWNED, AND TWO MANUAL ENGINES "SIMPLY VANISHED": THE FIRE STATION IN ENGINE GATE COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED.



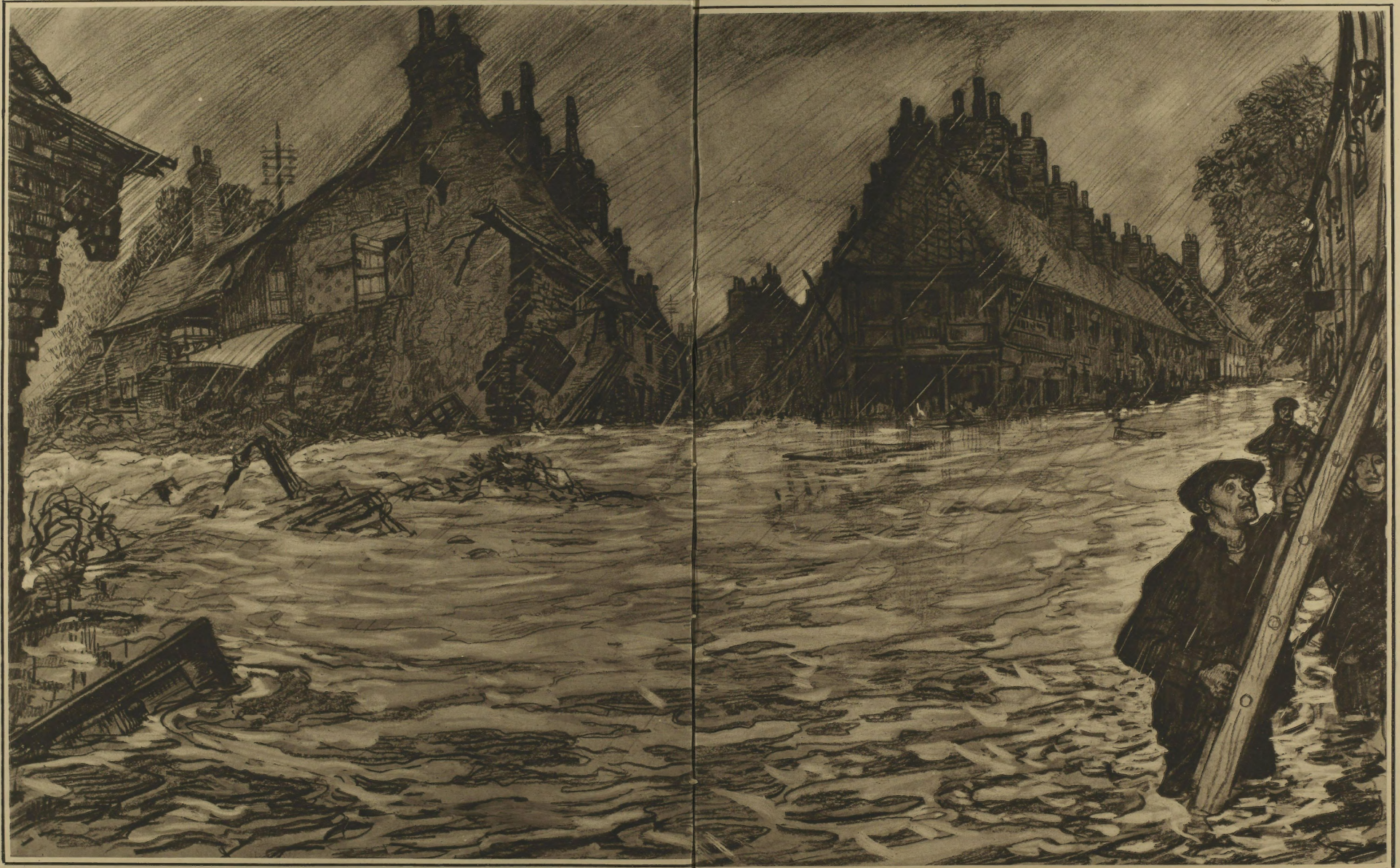
WHERE THREE OF MRS. BERRY'S CHILDREN WERE DROWNED, AND SHE AND THE ELDEST WERE RESCUED: MR. BERRY'S HOUSE, AFTER THE FLOOD.

The Mayor of Louth said, in a telegram accepting the "Daily Mail's" offer to open a relief fund after the disaster: "Approximately 200 houses in the town are uninhabitable, and the means of existence for most of the owners gone." As stated already, on our double-page of photographs, a number of houses and other buildings, including the Fire Station in Engine Gate, were completely demolished, and over twenty people were drowned. Where the Fire Station stood is merely a heap of debris, with one engine where there had been three. Two simply vanished. Of three firemen on duty, one, James Phillipson, was

drowned, his body being carried 500 yards. One of the most distressing tragedies occurred at the house of Mr. George Berry, in Engine Gate. Mrs. Berry and four children clung to a dresser which floated. Mr. Berry and other rescuers made desperate efforts to extricate them, but before they could succeed three of the children lost their hold and sank. Mrs. Berry and the eldest child were saved. The names of the three children drowned were given as Edith Doreen (aged one), Hubert (four), and Jack Edward (five). The flood burst upon the town so suddenly that many people were trapped in their lower rooms.

THE REMARKABLE CLOUD-BURST CATASTROPHE: THE OVERWHELMING OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF LOUTH.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER
SPECIAL ARTIST AT LOUTH.



"THEN ALL THE MIGHTY FLOODS WERE OUT": THE SWOLLEN LUDD, ROARING ALONG JAMES STREET, LOUTH, SWEEPS AWAY WHOLE HOUSES, BEARING WITH IT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

The drawing shows the terrible flood at Louth on May 29, just after it had reached its height and washed completely away three houses that stood in the gap seen on the left. The water is rushing from the right along James Street, at its junction with Ram's Gate, the street leading out of the centre of the picture. The house at the corner of Ram's Gate, in the left background, may be identified with one shown in a photograph on another double-page, as the home of the Swingle family, three of whom were drowned, among the twenty and more victims of the catastrophe. On the extreme left in the foreground is the home of the Fireman Phillipson, who was drowned. The work of rescue, it will be seen, is going on as the flood begins to subside. An eye-witness of the scene, the Rev. Henry Cox, of Louth, writes: "The disaster came on our town with overwhelming suddenness. During the early

afternoon there had been a thunderstorm and a certain amount of rain, but not sufficient to account for the appalling event which followed. Without any warning, the small and shallow trout stream which runs through the town suddenly became a foaming torrent. The water flooded the river banks and swept with a roar through the town. . . . From hundreds of windows there came cries for help. The force of the water was so tremendous that a number of those who lost their lives must have been killed outright in the first few moments. Many were the gallant attempts at rescue. Dr. Loughlin Smith did particularly fine work. With a rope round his waist he spent more than two hours in the water, wading and swimming to render aid to the injured. Altogether, the flood lasted only two hours, by which time the waters began to subside and to give up the dead."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

IN THE PUBLIC EYE: ROYAL AND OTHER PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., RUSSELL, AND LAFAYETTE.



POLITICAL ADVISER TO THE CHINESE PRESIDENT: THE LATE DR. MORRISON.



CENSURED AND "RETIRED" FOR HIS ACTION AT AMRITSAR: BRIG.-GEN. R. E. DYER.



GENERALLY COMMENDED: SIR MICHAEL O'DWYER, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF THE PUNJAB.



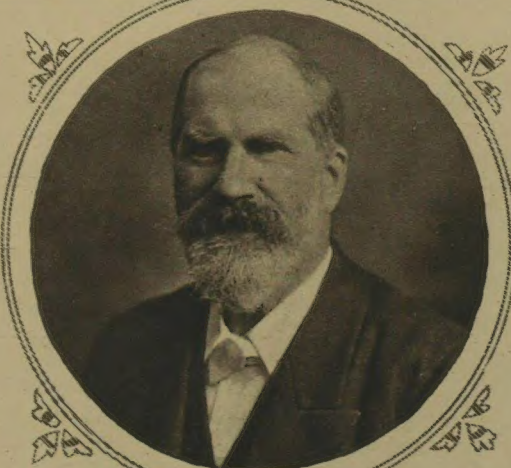
THE HOUSE PARTY AT THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT: (L. TO R.) FRONT ROW—PRINCESS MARY, THE KING, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, AND COUNTESS FORTESCUE: (IN THE BACK ROW), PRINCE GEORGE (FOURTH FROM LEFT).



THE FIRST HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PALESTINE: MR. HERBERT SAMUEL.



A DISTINGUISHED NAVAL OFFICER: THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ROBERT LOWRY



A POET AND ANTIQUARY OF LAKELAND: THE LATE CANON H. D. RAWNSLEY.

The late Dr. George E. Morrison, formerly famous as the Peking correspondent of the "Times," and since as Political Adviser to the President of China, died in London on May 30. An Australian by birth, he had travelled widely. In the Boxer rising he was severely wounded.—While condemning General Dyer for firing on the crowd at Amritsar, the Hunter Report said: "The risk of a small force being overwhelmed by a threatening mob may justify firing, without . . . a notice to disperse. The only person who can judge . . . is the officer in command. . . . We think it extremely improbable that the crowd would have dispersed upon notice . . . and much more likely that recourse to

firing would have been necessary." The Government commended Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, for "energy, decision, and courage."—In the Aldershot group above, the figures in the back row are (l. to r.): Captain the Hon. A. Hardinge, Sir Derek Keppel, Brig.-Gen. the Earl of Athlone, Prince George, Lt.-Col. Lord Stamfordham, Maj.-Gen. G. Jeffreys, Lieut.-Col. Sir Malcolm Murray, Major Reginald Seymour, Lieut.-Col. Lord Malise Graham.—Sir Robert Lowry was Admiral Commanding in Scotland from 1913 to 1916, and then Commander-in-Chief at Rosyth.—Canon Rawnsley was best known as a poet and authority on the Lake District.

"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED"

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY H. M. HARWOOD



H. M. HARWOOD. —[Photo, Battersea Park.]

Produced for the first time, April 20th, 1920, at the Ambassadors Theatre.
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CAST.

Emily Corbett	-	-	-	-	GRACE LANE.
Marjorie Corbett (her daughter)	-	-	-	-	CATHLEEN NESBITT.
Jane Strood (her sister)	-	-	-	-	MABEL TERRY-LEWIS.
Eric Thorburn	-	-	-	-	JACK HOBBS.
George Corbett, M.P.	-	-	-	-	STAFFORD HILLIARD.
Rt. Hon. Lord Henry Markham, M.P.	-	-	-	-	FRED. KERR.
Captain Rivers (Weston's Secretary)	-	-	-	-	JOHN HOWELL.
Mr. Morris (Weston's Agent)	-	-	-	-	HEW GORDON.
Mr. Cornthwaite	-	-	-	-	PAUL GILL.
Tuck (Chauffeur)	-	-	-	-	HENRY CAINE.
Mr. Salterthwaite	-	-	-	-	EDWARD BENSON.
John Garforth, M.P.	-	-	-	-	FEWLESS LLEWELLYN.
Jerry Weston, M.P.	-	-	-	-	NORMAN MCKINNEL.

ACT I.

The Hall at Warren Court, the Corbells' house near Kingston.
TIME: Summer evening after dinner.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Weston's Committee Room at Bexton.
SCENE II.—Lord Henry Markham's house in Westminster.

ACT III.

The Garden at Warren Court—Evening.

Between ACTS I. and II. three weeks elapse.
Between SCENES I. and II., ACT II.—three days.
Between ACTS II. and III.—one week.

ACT I.

The Hall at Warren Court, near Kingston. Right centre—stairs leading to bedroom floor; door to rest of house up stage [right]. At back [right] opening to billiard-room; at back [left]—French window to garden. Between the two, grand piano. Left, up stage—door leading to dining-room. Fire-place below, but no fire, as it is summer and hot, and the window stands open. Couch on fire side of stage and various easy chairs. It is about 10 o'clock at night. EMILY CORBETT and JANE STROOD—her elder sister—are sitting half-listening to the piano which MARJORIE is playing, rather indefinitely. MRS. STROOD is looking at a magazine. EMILY is doing nothing.

EMILY CORBETT is a handsome woman of forty-five. JANE STROOD is perhaps seven years older—keener and brighter-looking.

While the music is going on, ERIC THORBURN comes in from the dining-room, smoking. He looks at the two older women, then leans over the end of the piano, looking at MARJORIE.

MARJORIE. [Still playing.] Bored?

ERIC. [Nods.] Come into the garden.

MARJORIE. [After considering.] No—I'll play you at billiards, if you like.

ERIC. Right O! [MARJORIE stops playing and begins to collect a few rings.]

EMILY. Any chance of the Cabinet meeting breaking up soon, Eric?

ERIC. Not very hopeful, I'm afraid.

MRS. STROOD. Politics don't interest you?

ERIC. Lord—no!

MRS. STROOD. Why not?

ERIC. [Taken aback.] Oh, I don't know. Everyone can't be interested in them, can they?

MRS. STROOD. No one wants everyone to be interested. The point is that the wrong people are interested.

[She returns to her magazine.

ERIC signals to MARJORIE, and retreats to billiard-room, followed by MARJORIE.]

MRS. STROOD. What is to be done with these young men?

EMILY. One can't expect everyone to be a man of affairs.

MRS. STROOD. One can expect them to do something. What is Eric Thorburn? He's, what?—twenty-six—no money and no prospect that I can see of making any—yet he seems perfectly satisfied.

EMILY. He's very popular.

MRS. STROOD. Of course. Popularity is one of the perquisites of the incompetent. He has no grit.

EMILY. [Vaguely.] It's strange—one hoped that when he came back after the war—

MRS. STROOD. [Sharply.] My dear Emily, please don't. You hoped that after the war he would come back a mixture of Sir Galahad and Mr. Bottomley—according to the Sunday papers. Why should he? Why this illusion about the war changing people's characters? Has it changed you—or me—or George—or any of us? Aren't we doing just the same things—in the same way?

EMILY. [Rather romantically.] It's changed me, I know that.

MRS. STROOD. [Unkindly.] It's made you feel older, that's all it is. I've no patience with such nonsense. The only difference it has made to Eric is that he plays bridge better—naturally, having played four hours a day for four years. Otherwise he is what he was, a pleasant, idle, thoroughly useless person. Why four years of monotonous discomfort should be supposed to improve the character, I don't know.

EMILY. But, Jane, you were so keen about the war.

MRS. STROOD. I'm keen on scavenging, but I don't think that carting refuse is necessarily ennobling.

EMILY. Eric didn't do at all badly.

MRS. STROOD. No; it's easier to be a good soldier than a good husband. Plenty of people are finding that out.

EMILY. You're thinking of Marjorie?

MRS. STROOD. Well, someone must.

EMILY. You always thought me a fool, Jane, didn't you?

MRS. STROOD. No, not always. But you're impractical.

EMILY. Eric won't ask Marjorie to marry him, if that's what you mean.

MRS. STROOD. Really, Emily—your adjectives!

EMILY. You know what I mean. There are so many interests, so many things to do, you can't expect the same man to be interested in everything. Men aren't like that—"chacun à son métier."

MRS. STROOD. Such as paying the bills?

EMILY. That, of course, as well. Eric's quite all right for golf or skating, or an evening at the Gaiety, but you don't expect him to listen intelligently to a Russian opera. Claude Devine can talk for hours quite amusingly on Art, but I wouldn't trust myself in a motor with him for untold gold. As for politics—the people who really take an interest in politics are quite intolerable in any other capacity. Look at the people who come here!

MRS. STROOD. I have.

EMILY. Well?

MRS. STROOD. I have never met anyone here yet who took any interest in politics.

EMILY. Really, Jane!

MRS. STROOD. Oh, I know. George is a Junior Whip, and no one under the rank of Under-Secretary enters the house; but they—none of them—seem to me to know anything about real politics. They know who's behind the scenes—who's pulling the strings; they have at their fingers' end the whole creed of the jumping cat; but as for real politics, or real knowledge—

EMILY. George says that the art of politics is dealing with difficulties as they arise.

MRS. STROOD. [Chuckling.] He would. After all, the sordid side has its advantages, eh, Emily?

EMILY. What do you mean?

MRS. STROOD. Well, my dear, I'm very fond of George, and I think it's wonderful what you've done with him; but, to be quite frank, is there any other career at which George would be able to earn £1500 a year?

EMILY. I don't think you're fair to George. He's very useful to them. He's a wonderful instinct for finding fresh men. Look at to-night!

MRS. STROOD. [Indicating dining-room.] Oh, he's one of George's captures, is he? I see; George is a sort of political pointer—when his tail goes up they all get ready to shoot. I don't think much of his latest discovery. He seems to me to be just an ordinary—rather violent—Radical. Reform of this, and reform of that—the man oozes reform at every pore.

EMILY. Henry is quite keen about him. You know, we must move with the times.

MRS. STROOD. Rubbish—all jargon! Move with the times, indeed! Why, this Mr. Weston wants to drag time along by the hair. Where shall we all be if he gets his way? That's what I'd like to know.

EMILY. Oh, he won't do that. We shall use just as much of his ideas as we like.

MRS. STROOD. Do you really believe you can do that, Emily? Do you really think that George and Henry and the rest of them can take this man and his scheme, and take what they like and leave the rest?

EMILY. Jane, dear, Mr. Weston's not at all a clever man; just an enthusiast, with an idea.



EMILY CORBETT: Jane, dear, Mr. Weston is not at all a clever man; just an enthusiast with an idea.

Left to right: Miss Grace Lane; Mr. Jack Hobbs; Miss Cathleen Nesbitt; Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis.

MRS. STROOD. I never thought him capable of anything so definite. But she may do it, all the same.

EMILY. Marjorie isn't a fool, either, Jane. She knows she can't expect anything from us.

MRS. STROOD. Then you are encouraging her to go about with a man whom she has no intention of marrying.

EMILY. Encouraging? My dear Jane, I've no influence over Marjorie. Besides, girls must have variety nowadays.

MRS. STROOD. After—as well as before—marriage, I suppose.

EMILY. Well! No woman can be expected to tolerate unadulterated matrimony.

MRS. STROOD. Exactly. The most dangerous of all human beings. If he were clever he could be managed—he'd know which side his bread was buttered. We can digest the clever man all right. It's these men with ideas and simple faith that are the very devil. I've seen this happen in my time over and over again. How often have we taken up—roped in, George would call it—these men with ideas, because their thought for the moment ran with ours, but whose every instinct, every prejudice was utterly opposed to us? And what has always happened? At the best—after an exceedingly uncomfortable time—we've had to disgorge them; at the worst they've stayed—and infected us with their restlessness. We've failed to absorb them; we always shall fail. They will always absorb us—or break us.

EMILY. But Jane, dear, we're all for progress, now. You're talking of before the war.

MRS. STROOD. You can't put new wine into old bottles, Emily. Who was it said that?

EMILY. [Vaguely.] I don't remember. [Enter GEORGE CORBETT and WESTON.] Well, George! At last!

WESTON. My fault, Mrs. Corbett. I've been talking.

EMILY. I hope you found George a good listener.

GEORGE. You always, do, don't you? Well, Jane? Improving your mind?

MRS. STROOD. Certainly not. I've got something better to do at my age.

WESTON. What's the book, Mrs. Strood? Oh, the "Monthly."

MRS. STROOD. I'm reading this article on the marriage customs of the South American aborigines.

GEORGE. I say, what are they?

MRS. STROOD. Very much the same as ours, George.

WESTON. Oh, come, we've progressed a bit.

MRS. STROOD. You believe in progress, don't you, Mr. Weston?

WESTON. Believe in it? I should hope so. Don't you?

MRS. STROOD. [Deprecatingly.] I've seen so much of it.

WESTON. [Impervious.] Why, yes. What an age we live in! When I think of what I've seen in my lifetime—stupendous! And the future! I thought we were progressive five years ago, but we're only on the threshold.

MRS. STROOD. Yes, I understand, you're going to open the door—with George's help.

WESTON. I hope to do my share.

EMILY. It's settled, then?

GEORGE. Yes. Weston's joining us—going to the Local Government Board. We're going to take up this scheme of his. It'll mean a bye-election, but that's all the better—gives us a chance to fly a kite.

MRS. STROOD. With Mr. Weston attached? And if it comes down?

WESTON. We shall send it up again.

MRS. STROOD. Is that your policy, too, George?

GEORGE. Oh, well—

WESTON. Corbett pretends to be very practical and cynical. But he's just as keen as I am; he knows it's the right thing.

MRS. STROOD. And Lord Henry?

WESTON. Ask him when he comes in. You know what we propose, don't you?

MRS. STROOD. Oh, yes. You propose to give people something for less than it costs. The only question is who is to pay the difference. Modern politics are wonderfully simple.

GEORGE. Oh, nonsense, Jane! This is a constructive measure—fair to everyone. [Looks round.] Where's Marjorie, Emily?

EMILY. Playing billiards with Eric.

GEORGE. What about a game of snooker, Weston?

MRS. STROOD. No, George. Don't take Mr. Weston away again. I want to talk to him.

GEORGE. Well, Emily, what about bridge—you and I and the children?

EMILY. Where is Lord Henry?

GEORGE. Writing letters.

EMILY. And Captain Rivers?

GEORGE. Also writing letters.

WESTON. My fault again, I'm afraid.

MRS. STROOD. How long has Captain Rivers been with you?

WESTON. About two years—ever since he was boarded out of the Army. He's wasting his time, of course, but he seems to like it. He could make a career for himself if he cared to—he has twice my brains.

GEORGE. [Going towards billiard-room.] Well, Jane, let him down easy. [To EMILY.] Come along. [Exit EMILY and GEORGE.]

MRS. STROOD. You don't mind talking to an old woman, Mr. Weston?

WESTON. It's just what I wanted. It's ever so good of you. [Draws up chair.] You know—I want you to like me.

MRS. STROOD. To like you?

WESTON. Yes. Why not?

MRS. STROOD. My dear Mr. Weston, I hardly know you.

WESTON. Well, that's easily remedied, isn't it?

MRS. STROOD. I'm afraid I'm slow at making new friends. Why do you want me to like you? I can't help you politically—I'm quite in a backwater.

WESTON. Oh, please, don't think that. I don't want anything of that kind. It's just that I hate to

feel people are antagonistic; it makes me uncomfortable, unhappy. You're antagonistic now. I can feel it.

MRS. STROOD. [Slowly.] Perhaps I'm a little afraid.

WESTON. Afraid?

MRS. STROOD. I'm wondering whether you are a very foolish man, or a very wise one.

WESTON. Sometimes I wonder that myself.

MRS. STROOD. You seem to say just what you mean, and expect everyone to believe you.

WESTON. Why shouldn't they?

MRS. STROOD. Do you believe everything people say to you?

WESTON. Yes; not literally, of course, but generally. Yes, I believe if you trust them, people generally tell the truth. I believe people generally do the right thing—when they see it. I believe the bulk of people are straight and honest, and kind. I've always found them so. You know we get from people very much what we give them. As they say at the gambling table: "The more you put down the more you take off."

MRS. STROOD. People lose money gambling.

WESTON. Yes, that's why I put my money on human beings, and not on horses or roulette.

MRS. STROOD. I always understood that confidence in yourself and distrust of others was the proper commercial mixture.

WESTON. Don't you believe it. I don't care whether it's politics or business, you can't do the big thing unless you trust other people. Belief in others is a form of self-confidence.

MRS. STROOD. You've plenty of that.

WESTON. In my destiny—in my instinct—yes. I don't bank much on my cleverness, you know, or even my judgment. But I believe tremendously in my instinct. Look at Pongo!

MRS. STROOD. Pongo?

WESTON. Yes, what happened there?

MRS. STROOD. [Mystified.] I've no idea. Who is Pongo?

WESTON. You don't mean to say you've never heard of Pongo?

MRS. STROOD. I don't remember. Oh, yes, I believe I know. It's that clever poodle at the Coliseum that everyone is talking about.

WESTON. [Rises, scratches his head in great chagrin.] I'm Pongo.

MRS. STROOD. You?

WESTON. Yes. Do you know that's about the hardest knock you could have given me. I thought everyone in Europe, and America, knew Pongo. "Pongo's Phosphor Food for Feeble Infants." You've never heard of it?

MRS. STROOD. It's since my day, I'm afraid. And I've never had any infants—feeble or otherwise. I told you I was in a backwater. What is it? A kind of food, I suppose?

WESTON. Food—drink—medicine—all in one. The elixir of life to all children under fifteen.

MRS. STROOD. Excuse me, were you brought up on it?

WESTON. No. I was a bit too early. But I take it regularly. It's done more to reduce infant mortality than any single thing in the last twenty years. Well! That was one of my ideas. I made Pongo—and Pongo made me.

MRS. STROOD. You mean you made money out of it.

WESTON. Yes, but why?

MRS. STROOD. I presume because you advertised.

WESTON. Yes, but why did I advertise? If I hadn't believed that the world wanted Pongo—that it was something it ought to have—should I have spent what I did pushing it? Why, it cost thousands before we moved the stuff at all. In America we had competitions through the country—stayed a week at a time and gave the stuff away. Got 'em all to bring their babies and gave prizes for the ones that gained the most weight in a week. What's the result? Last year we sold eight hundred million tins, and wherever those tins have gone there's a bigger, brighter, bonnier baby. Isn't that something worth while?

MRS. STROOD. [Stupefied.] Then you're proud of this—stuff?

WESTON. Rather. It's the biggest thing I've done yet.

MRS. STROOD. Strange. I have never connected the sale of such things with idealism. I know, of course, that we all have to sell something in order to live decently nowadays, but I have never thought of it as the subject of an epic poem. I'm afraid you will find politics very uninspiring, Mr. Weston.

WESTON. Why? The principle's the same.

MRS. STROOD. You propose to carry these—a—revivalist—methods into politics—government by panacea? You won't think I mean it personally, if I say that I sincerely hope you will be beaten.

WESTON. But, why? If we're on the right track.

MRS. STROOD. I am a very old-fashioned person, Mr. Weston. In fact, I am one of those people whom the papers will tell you only exist on the stage. Many people wish they were right. I, too, have my beliefs, but the things I believe in are dead. You would laugh if I told you what they were. Your conception of politics as a field for patent medicines is abhorrent to me. I have no use for political Pongo.

WESTON. I knew you didn't like me.

MRS. STROOD. I'm not in the habit of liking people on a few days' acquaintance. I neither like nor dislike you. I consider you politically dangerous, and your attitude towards the world I should consider childish were it not that it seems to have been successful. In

any case, my approval or disapproval cannot possibly matter to you.

WESTON. Oh, but it does. You carry weight, I can see that. Come, why not try? When you get used to me we shall get on like a house on fire. [She shudders at the simile.] Well, I don't mean that. [Laughs.]

MRS. STROOD. You've made up your mind that we have to get used to each other.

WESTON. Well—if we're to be relations.

MRS. STROOD. Relations! What do you mean?

WESTON. Haven't you heard? I thought perhaps Corbett might have said something.

MRS. STROOD. Please don't be mysterious—please explain.

WESTON. Of course, she hasn't actually said "yes" yet.

MRS. STROOD. [Desperately.] Who hasn't? What are you talking about?

WESTON. Why, Marj—Miss Corbett, your niece.

MRS. STROOD. Mr. Weston, if you are trying to tell me that Marjorie is going to marry you, I flatly decline to believe it.

WESTON. Now—why?

MRS. STROOD. Why, why? Because—well—if you can't see why for yourself it's no use trying to explain. It's simply impossible. Do you mean that George and Emily know about this?

WESTON. Oh, yes. That's all right.

MRS. STROOD. [Aside.] Why didn't Emily tell me?

WESTON. I'm sorry you're so much against it. I wish you'd tell me why.

MRS. STROOD. My dear man, do you know what you're taking on?

WESTON. Yes. The dearest girl in the world—if she'll have me.

MRS. STROOD. [Desperately.] But you've nothing in common together.

WESTON. We shall have—when we've lived together a bit.

MRS. STROOD. [Leans back and looks at him hopelessly.] Mr. Weston, what are your amusements?

WESTON. Amusements? I don't follow. What have my amusements to do with my marriage?

MRS. STROOD. Everything—with a girl like Marjorie a large part of life consists of amusements.

WESTON. Now, perhaps—she's young. It's a phase.

MRS. STROOD. A phase that lasts a long time nowadays.

WESTON. Well, I don't want to stop her amusements. Why should I?

MRS. STROOD. But are you prepared to share them?

WESTON. Is that necessary?

MRS. STROOD. Very. If you don't someone else will. You can afford to differ with your wife about religion, Mr. Weston, but you must agree about amusements.

WESTON. You want to make me believe that she is thoroughly frivolous. You won't succeed. It's only because her interest hasn't been roused in other things. She's young.

MRS. STROOD. Not so young as you are. Your faith in human nature extends to women, then?

WESTON. What? I should say so. Of course, I know very little about them.

MRS. STROOD. Obviously.

WESTON. Mrs. Strood, why not tell me right out that you don't think I'm fit to marry your niece. I'd rather you did that than belittle her as you're doing now. Besides, it would be true and natural. I can quite understand your feelings. I know I'm not of your class—I'm not an aristocrat, I know that.

MRS. STROOD. Oh—aristocrat! That merely means someone who gets the better of other people. That you seem to have done very successfully. No, it's not that. I'm not so far behind my generation as that.

WESTON. Then what is it?

MRS. STROOD. I've told you.

WESTON. That's all you have against it.

MRS. STROOD. It's enough.

WESTON. Even if she likes me?

MRS. STROOD. Like? That covers a lot of barren ground.

WESTON. You know what I mean. Well, if that is so, if I am so lucky, all the things you speak of don't matter.

MRS. STROOD. And how do you propose to find out?

WESTON. I shall find out when she gives me her answer.

MRS. STROOD. How? Surely—

WESTON. [Stopping her.] Wait. Don't go on, please. I know what you're going to say—and I can't allow you to say it—not to me. Marjorie may be gay, fond of pleasure, and so forth, as you say—why shouldn't she? But she's straight. I've only known her three months, and, as I say, I don't know much about women, but I know that. If she says "yes," it'll mean—well—not what you'd like me to believe.

MRS. STROOD. I end with my original question—are you a very wise or a very foolish man?

WESTON. In this—very wise.

[Enter LORD HENRY MARKHAM and RIVERS.]

MARKHAM. Jane, help me to persuade this young man to a sense of his duty.

MRS. STROOD. His duty to whom?

MARKHAM. To himself, of course.

MRS. STROOD. Do you neglect it, Captain Rivers?

RIVERS. I've never been able to decide what it was. My mental energies are absorbed by Mr. Weston.

WESTON. Come, that won't do. I've often urged

you to strike out your own line. I give you my word it's not my fault, Lord Henry.

RIVERS. No, that's quite true. [To WESTON.] Will you sign these letters before Thorburn goes? He's posting them in town to-night.

WESTON. Yes, certainly. Where are they? In the library. I'll do it now. Will you excuse us?

MARKHAM. Yes, yes, of course.

[Exit RIVERS and WESTON.]

MRS. STROOD. [To MARKHAM.] They're playing bridge, if you want a rubber.

MARKHAM. No; I've reached an age when I find relaxation very tiring. [Stretching himself in an easy chair.] I must say Corbett knows how to pick a chair. [Looks across at her.] What's the matter? You look disturbed.

MRS. STROOD. I am, Harry. Why are you taking up this man, Mr. Weston? Why can't you leave him alone?



MRS. STROOD: I am wondering, Mr. Weston, if you are a very wise man or a very foolish one.

Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis and Mr. Norman McKinnel.

MARKHAM. He won't leave us alone. We have to do something with Weston. He isn't safe outside.

MRS. STROOD. Will he be safe inside?

MARKHAM. The heaven always works, doesn't it?

MRS. STROOD. It didn't—once.

MARKHAM. No, but that was different. Weston has a lot to gain. We can make things very pleasant for him.

MRS. STROOD. You think he's out for himself?

MARKHAM. Well, Jane—!

MRS. STROOD. I don't. You'll have trouble with him, Harry.

MARKHAM. So Calthrop says. Well, it can't be helped—he had to be roped in. He's got a following.

MRS. STROOD. You could give him a peerage?

MARKHAM. No; he's got some self-respect. Besides, that's played out. People who matter don't want peerages.

MRS. STROOD. I can't see why you want him. You've an enormous majority.

MARKHAM. Too big. All votes and no vigour. Besides, the fellow's got an idea—and we want one. The housing question's got to come.

MRS. STROOD. Then you mean to take up this land policy of his?

MARKHAM. The idea; yes. Just as a scaffolding—a lot of detail will have to go.

MRS. STROOD. Isn't it the details that matter?

MARKHAM. In practice, yes. On the platform, no.

MRS. STROOD. Why can't you leave things as they are?

MARKHAM. You forget, Jane, we're all progressives. Progress means movement.

MRS. STROOD. In any direction?

MARKHAM. It ought to be forwards, oughtn't it? Of course, one might move sideways—like a crab. Now I come to think of it, that's what I've generally done. Weston's idea will serve our purpose very well.

MRS. STROOD. What is your purpose, Harry?

MARKHAM. Eh?

MRS. STROOD. I mean, do you really believe in this thing? Do you think it will do any good? Or is it just a move in the game?

MARKHAM. Oh, well; it'll teach us how far we can go, and it won't do any harm—that's a great thing. But to some extent, yes, I suppose it is a move in the game.

MRS. STROOD. [Sadly.] You think of it as nothing but a game.

MARKHAM. But what a game! [With a deep breath.] The greatest game in the world. [Whimsically.] And I play it rather well.

MRS. STROOD. Too well, Harry.

MARKHAM. I know; I disappoint you. You want to see me in heroic attitude—Coriolanus defying the mob. I'm not built that way, my dear. I'm just a skilful steersman. I can avoid the rocks, even in the rapids, but I must go with the stream; I can't row against it.

MRS. STROOD. You might have been a great man, Harry, if you'd been a little less clever.

MARKHAM. Possibly; but how much duller life would have been!

MRS. STROOD. You rate success—just winning—above everything. You didn't always do that.

MARKHAM. [Significantly.] No; I didn't.

MRS. STROOD. [Confused.] I didn't mean that.

MARKHAM. What else in life have I got to amuse me? I don't care for the thing itself—you don't think that. You don't think I care that people know I'm leader of the House, in the Cabinet. No; it's the fight; the battle of one's wits; the feeling for a weak spot in the other man's armour; the guarding a weak one in one's own. The feeling that if you don't outwit the other fellow he'll outwit you. I've been at it thirty years now, and it's just as absorbing as ever. And no one escapes. I've seen men come and go, many of them men with ideals, great schemes of social reform, and so on. I'm not speaking of the self-seeker. I mean men who came to the work for the sake of what they could do, and I never knew one that wasn't caught if he got near enough. I've never known a man who once got near enough to pull the strings—to call the moves—who didn't come to put success at the game before anything else. It's beyond gambling; beyond love of women. It's a poison that gets in the blood. Poor Jane, does this shock you?

MRS. STROOD. I'm wondering would it have been like this if you'd had—the other things.

MARKHAM. Other things?

MRS. STROOD. Other interests elsewhere—happiness?

MARKHAM. [Directly.] You mean—if you had married—?

MRS. STROOD. Oh; not I, necessarily. But if there had been—anyone.

MARKHAM. There never was anyone else; you know that.

MRS. STROOD. When you talk like this, I feel I can't forgive myself. What a fool I was!

MARKHAM. No, no. You mustn't feel like that about it. Besides, I doubt if even you could have redeemed me to virtue. I'm not built that way.

MRS. STROOD. After all, I believe I've paid for it—more than you, Harry.

MARKHAM. Yes, women always pay more than men for that sort of thing. Whatever they decide.

MRS. STROOD. [Suddenly.] Harry! There's another mistake going to be made—here—in this house.

MARKHAM. Oh; who?

MRS. STROOD. Marjorie!

MARKHAM. Marjorie?

MRS. STROOD. She's your god-daughter. Try and stop her.

MARKHAM. What is she going to do?

MRS. STROOD. What did I do years ago? Marry someone for the wrong reasons.

MARKHAM. The wrong reasons? Which are they? There are so many reasons, and most of 'em wrong ones. Who is it?

MRS. STROOD. Mr. Weston.

MARKHAM. Weston! Who told you?

MRS. STROOD. He did.

MARKHAM. She has accepted him?

MRS. STROOD. Not yet. But she will. I feel it.

MARKHAM. But what is Corbett doing? And Emily?

MRS. STROOD. They approve. Well; it's your doing.

MARKHAM. Mine?

MRS. STROOD. If you hadn't pushed him forward he'd never have come here.

MARKHAM. My dear Jane; we must have a President of the Local Government Board, even if my god-daughter does want to marry him.

MRS. STROOD. Do you want her to marry the man?

MARKHAM. No, no. But what can I do?

MRS. STROOD. Tell her the truth. Tell her that you're simply using him as a cat's-paw, that he doesn't really count.

MARKHAM. Is Marjorie ambitious in that way? Of course, he may not get it at all.

MRS. STROOD. How do you mean—not get it? Haven't you promised him?

MARKHAM. He may lose the bye-election. It's a small majority. Then, of course, the appointment is void. That's where we come in. If he's successful, we've tested our policy. If he's beaten, well, we get rid of him and his policy. But surely Marjorie's not going to marry a man because he's going to get office? She's not interested in politics.

MRS. STROOD. No; but that's what influences Emily—and George. Of course, he's rich. Is he very rich?

MARKHAM. I believe so. There's no one else, I suppose?

MRS. STROOD. Eric.

MARKHAM. Well; that's one reason for marrying Weston.

MRS. STROOD. No, no, Harry. Oh, I don't mean that she ought to marry Eric. He's impossible. But she ought to marry someone—someone who will—replace him. Don't you see, if she marries Mr. Weston, Eric will still be there.

MARKHAM. There?

MRS. STROOD. You know what I mean.

MARKHAM. I do not. I decline to know. Do you know that Marjorie is my god-daughter? Heaven only knows what I have promised and vowed in her name.

[Enter MARJORIE and ERIC.]

MRS. STROOD. Well, dear; finished playing?

MARJORIE. The others have cut in. Eric's going.

ERIC. I'm feeling very important [Tapping his chest]; full of affairs of State. Good-night, Mrs. Strood. [Shakes hands.] Good-night, Sir.

MARKHAM. Good-night! Good-night!

ERIC. [To MARJORIE.] Well! Aufwiedersehen.

MARJORIE. Don't be Hunnish. Good-night. [She looks at him and nods and he goes out.]

MRS. STROOD. Well; I'm off to bed. I shall see you to-morrow, Harry?

MARKHAM. If you're down to lunch. Good-night.

MRS. STROOD. Do what you can. [Goes up-stairs slowly.]

[MARJORIE comes back and sits on fender-rest facing LORD HENRY.]

MARKHAM. Well; and how does my little friend find the world?

MARJORIE. Oh, quite amusing.

MARKHAM. Amusing?

MARJORIE. Isn't it?

MARKHAM. To me; yes. But it ought to be more than that to you. I'm only a looker-on.

MARJORIE. So am I.

MARKHAM. T-sh!

MARJORIE. And it's all I want to be, thank you. Come, god-father, you're not going to be romantic? You of all people.

MARKHAM. Why me, "of all people"? Why am I not allowed to be romantic if I like?

MARJORIE. Because you've got a reputation to keep up. Aren't you the most cynical man in London?

MARKHAM. I? Good Heavens, no! And if I were, not about you. I'm very fond of you, Margot.

MARJORIE. [Coming over to pat him.] I know; funny old god-parent.

MARKHAM. I want you to have the best life has to offer.

MARJORIE. And what is that?



LORD HENRY: You forget, Jane, we are all progressives now. Progress means movement.

MRS. STROOD: In any direction?

Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis.

MARKHAM. [Uncertainly.] Well—

MARJORIE. [Mockingly.] You don't know. You don't know.

MARKHAM. [Feebly.] Well; what about love? Isn't that worth something?

MARJORIE. Do you believe that? [Suddenly serious.] Do you know what I think?

MARKHAM. Well?

MARJORIE. All this about love being so wonderful and the rest of it, is just an invention of old people. It's a conspiracy.

MARKHAM. Conspiracy?

MARJORIE. Yes; always the old telling the young about the wonder and beauty and importance of

love. And we spend our time looking for it wondering why it doesn't come, and missing things because we're waiting for this wonderful thing to happen. And it doesn't happen. And when it's too late, we find out that the whole thing's a plant, that there's nothing wonderful and sublime about it, but that it's just a quite ordinary pleasant thing that we've missed—by waiting. Then we join the conspiracy and tell the next lot.

MARKHAM. Why should you do that?

MARJORIE. Revenge, I suppose.

MARKHAM. You turn my blood cold. *[Gently.]* Marjorie, have you missed something?

MARJORIE. *[Laughing.]* Not I. I take things as they come, thank you.

MARKHAM. As they come. Look here, my dear. Tell me about this fellow Weston. Your Aunt's been talking to me. What about him?

MARJORIE. *[Teasing.]* Why; he's going to join the Government, isn't he?

MARKHAM. Damn the Government! What about you?

MARJORIE. *[Gravely.]* What do you advise? As a god-father? T-sh!

[The others come from the billiard-room. MARJORIE goes over to CORBETT and feels in his pockets.]

MARJORIE. Has the aged parent won any "floods"?

GEORGE. *[Dismally pointing at WESTON.]* I had—till he came. Three hearts on four to queen—ten—and gets them.

EMILY. He calls by faith and not by sight. *[To MARJORIE.]* Bed, darling! It's an early day to-morrow.

MARKHAM. What is it to-morrow?

MARJORIE. Selling rotten dolls for some old charity.

MARKHAM. Is that still going on?

MARJORIE. Oh, yes! "Peace hath her charities." *[Kisses her hand and skips upstairs, after first saying good-night to WESTON—the only time she has directly spoken to him.]*

EMILY. Good-night, Mr. Weston. Breakfast "when and if," you know. Good-night, Captain Rivers. *[Exit.]*

GEORGE. *[To WESTON.]* Well; I think we've settled everything. Have you written your Agent?

RIVERS. Yes; to-night.

GEORGE. Good; he can get a bit of a start. We shan't announce anything till next week-end, then we'll get the writ quickly and bustle them off their feet. He must see our people. We'll let the Conservative Association know, and they can arrange things with your man.

WESTON. But I want them to understand what they are voting about, you know.

GEORGE. Why; of course. They'll understand all right. There will be lots of time for you to say what you want. *[To SERVANT who is waiting.]* No; don't wait up—just close the window. I'll see to the lights *[to WESTON]*, unless you are staying up? Perhaps you wouldn't mind?

WESTON. Just ten minutes' talk with Rivers. He'll be off early to-morrow.

GEORGE. Right! *[To MARKHAM.]* Well, Sir; what about you?

MARKHAM. Yes; I suppose so. How I hate going to bed! *[Rising.]*

GEORGE. You ought to get all the rest you can. We can't have you knocking up.

MARKHAM. Ah, no. Too valuable, eh? Country couldn't get on without me! Well; good-night, Mr. Weston.

WESTON. Good-night, Lord Henry, and thank you. I can't tell you what it means to me to know you're with me.

MARKHAM. A very ingenious scheme, very ingenious. We shall make something of it. *[Nods, and moves up the stairs, followed by CORBETT.]*

WESTON. Rivers, I take back all I said about Lord Henry. I always thought him supercilious and stuck up. That's how he seems in the House. It just shows how we misjudge people. You've only got to meet them to find out. Look at him to-night. Could anything have been kinder? I feel as though I'd known him all my life.

RIVERS. Yes; he's clever!

WESTON. Now you're going to say something unpleasant.

RIVERS. Well; you must remember that he thinks you are going to be useful.

WESTON. Well; I hope I am. I don't mind that. He's going to be useful to me. After all, he can do more for me than I can do for him.

RIVERS. Can he?

WESTON. *[Astonished.]* Well!

RIVERS. Oh; he can get you a post, yes—get you put in the Cabinet if he likes. But what gives him the power to do it?

WESTON. Well; what?

RIVERS. The thing which you give him; the one thing he hasn't got: Ideas; convictions.

WESTON. Convictions! I should think he'd plenty of them.

RIVERS. Lord Henry's one real conviction is that the destinies of the country are unalterably bound up with the holding of office by himself and his friends.

WESTON. Pooh! Didn't you hear him just now? Laughing at himself!

RIVERS. He can afford it. If he weren't so sure of himself, he wouldn't laugh.

WESTON. Do you mean he's self-seeking?

RIVERS. No; it's deeper than that. Few men have less personal ambition. He just believes quite sincerely that he and the things he stands for are vital to the government of the country.

WESTON. Well; I don't mind that—so long as they do what I want. I shan't deny it.

RIVERS. We have to believe it for the present, at any rate.

WESTON. Why have to?

RIVERS. It's the price of their patronage. You must accept the cardinal article of their faith or you're no good to them. They're treating you now as one of themselves, making a fuss of you. Why? Because they hope they can use your ideas to bolster up their own position. But if they came to the conclusion that you were not going to be a help, but a hindrance, where would you be? Suppose it were a question of your political future, or say, Corbett's, what chance would you have? Corbett's no brains—he's no use. But he's one of them—



MARJORIE: I wonder how much you really care.

Mr. Jack Hobbs and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt.

selves, one of the priesthood, sworn of the House of Levi. I know these people; I was brought up amongst them. Their clannishness is something inconceivable. You may be with them—you're never of them.

WESTON. You're out of date, my boy. Things aren't worked like that nowadays. We're living in the days of democratic franchise—not rotten boroughs.

RIVERS. You don't disarm a man by exchanging his rifle for a machine-gun. It's just as easily handled, and does more execution. Sometimes I wonder if the only road to perfect tyranny doesn't lie through universal suffrage. These people are clever, they're used to ruling, and they're making the fight of their lives. You thought they were down and out years ago, and here they are, stronger than ever. And they use you, or anyone else with an idea, for all you're worth.

WESTON. Dent isn't one of the old lot, or Whitby, or McAlister—

RIVERS. No; they're cement—like you—keeping the building together.

WESTON. Well; if they pass the right measures, what of it? Look at my scheme! Doesn't it knock everything they stand for sideways?

RIVERS. It isn't a Bill yet. The boa-constrictor does a lot of shaping before he swallows a sheep.

WESTON. You're a cheerful lieutenant, and no mistake.

RIVERS. I don't want to be a wet blanket, but it's no good shutting our eyes to facts.

WESTON. Facts! We've got to make facts, not to stand and look at 'em. And as for my not being one of the elect *[He hesitates]*, suppose I am going to be one of them? Suppose I'm going to be one of the tribe—of the family?

RIVERS. How do you mean?

WESTON. Some are born great; some achieve greatness. I wonder if you know why I'm here, Rivers?

RIVERS. To meet Lord Henry.

WESTON. I could have done that in London. No; I can't tell you yet. It isn't settled. But I'm after bigger game than a seat in the Government, Rivers. Think it over: good-night. *[Exit.]*

[RIVERS stands for a moment, then turns out light over stairs, then the one in the arch leading to billiard-room. Exit through door behind stairs, leaving stage in darkness. A light is seen coming on from the stairs. MARJORIE appears in the opening. She turns up the stair light, then off, then the single light by the fire, after which she goes to window and looks out. She undoes the catch and returns to fire-place, waiting. The window is quietly opened and ERIC slips in, dropping his hat on a chair by the window and coming forward. MARJORIE has her back to him. He takes her in his arms and kisses her. She remains quietly in his arms, but when he lets her go she turns and looks at him, and laughs rather bitterly.]

MARJORIE. You do that as though you really meant it.

ERIC. *[Surprised.]* As if I meant it?

MARJORIE. As though you really loved me.

ERIC. What do you mean? Of course I love you. What do you think I'm here for? *[Tries to take her in his arms, but she gently pushes him off.]*

MARJORIE. No; I didn't ask you to come back for that. I want to speak to you.

ERIC. Well?

MARJORIE. *[Slowly.]* I wonder how much you really care?

ERIC. *[Rather cross.]* I wonder what on earth you're driving at. You know I'm mad about you, you witch!

MARJORIE. But you don't want to marry me.

ERIC. You know I can't. We've had all that over. You always said you didn't want to marry.

MARJORIE. I don't, particularly. But I suppose I shall have to.

ERIC. Marjorie, has someone asked you?

MARJORIE. Yes.

ERIC. Cotterill! *[She shakes her head.]* Who?

MARJORIE. Mr. Weston.

ERIC. Weston? Good Lord! *[Laughs.]*

MARJORIE. It is funny, isn't it! I've promised to give him an answer to-morrow. That's why I wanted to tell you to-night.

ERIC. You don't mean you're thinking of it?

MARJORIE. I'm not sure it isn't the best way out.

ERIC. Out? Out of what?

MARJORIE. Everything.

ERIC. Of course, if you've made your mind up.

MARJORIE. No; I'm asking your advice.

ERIC. My advice! What do you expect me to say? Do you expect me to advise you to marry someone else?

MARJORIE. Why not? You don't want me *[as he is going to speak.]* Oh, well, if you can't marry me—we've agreed about that.

ERIC. You wouldn't do it.

MARJORIE. *[Quickly.]* Is that a proposal? *[His eyes drop.]* No, wouldn't risk it. You're fond of me, of course; but not enough to risk anything.

ERIC. I care a lot more than you do.

MARJORIE. *[Impatiently.]* Oh, I daresay I'm as bad. We're both rotters, Eric. We don't want anything badly enough to trouble about it. Well?

ERIC. What's the use of my saying anything? If you're going to do it, you will. I've no right to stop you.

MARJORIE. You mean you won't take any responsibility. Whatever I do, you'll be able to say it wasn't your fault. All right, my dear—I quite understand.

ERIC. It's not fair to put it on me. What can I say; what did you expect me to say?

MARJORIE. *[Looking at him for a moment.]* Expect? Nothing, really. You're quite right. I must decide for myself. You'd better go now.

[They move to window, and she opens it.]

ERIC. Then this is the end?

MARJORIE. The end?

ERIC. Well, you won't want me hanging about.

MARJORIE. Do you mean you're not going to see me?

ERIC. Well, if you're going to marry the man.

MARJORIE. *[Fiercely.]* What does that matter? I'm ready to marry him, if he wants me to, but he can't think I'm in love with him. He can't expect me to give up my friends. Eric, you must go on seeing me—you must.

ERIC. I can't understand you. You don't think much of me.

MARJORIE. Oh! what has that got to do with it?

ERIC. Of course, I'll do what you like. It'll be pretty damnable.

MARJORIE. It won't make any difference.

ERIC. Won't it?

MARJORIE. No! *[He suddenly catches her in his arms and kisses her fiercely. She looks up as he releases her, and searches his face eagerly.]* Eric! *[She looks into his face desperately, but finds no response.]* No! It's no use. Good-night.

[ERIC, half-ashamed, hesitates for a moment, then suddenly picks up his hat and goes out. She closes the window, creeps back to the sofa, and sits crouching with her head in her hands.]

CURTAIN. *[End of the First Act.]*

The Second Act of this Play will appear in the next issue of "The Illustrated London News," and the Third Act in the following issue, dated June 19.

AN 18-INCH GUN UNDER GLASS: AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

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A MODEL OF THE BIGGEST GUN USED IN THE WAR; AND (BENEATH IT) THE 4-INCH NAVAL GUN THAT FIRED THE FIRST BRITISH SHOT.

Our photograph shows part of the Naval section of the Imperial War Museum at the Crystal Palace, to be opened by the King on June 9. The monster gun is a model of the heaviest type of Naval gun used in the war, one of the 18-inch guns, originally placed in H.M.S. "Furious." Structural strain proved them unsuitable, and they were afterwards mounted in three of the monitors of the Dover Patrol, where they did good service. Owing to the enormous weight of the guns themselves, the wooden model (on steel

girders) was made for exhibition purposes, at the Constructional Gunnery Shop at Chatham Dockyard. It is some 70 ft. long and weighs $4\frac{1}{2}$ tons. On the platform at the base is the 4-inch quick-firer of H.M.S. "Lance" which fired the first British shot of the war, in action against the German mine-layer "Königin Luise," on August 4, 1914. The exhibition has been arranged by Major C. Boulkes, R.M., Curator of the Museum, with valuable aid from Sir Martin Conway and Sir Alfred Mond.

THE 141st DERBY, WITH TATTENHAM CORNER IMPROVED: HORSES IN PRE-RACE BETTING; AND THE COURSE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, ROUGH, AND C.N.



LORD DERBY'S ARCHAIC.



CAPTAIN H. WHITWORTH'S HE GOES.



MR. WALTER RAPHAEL'S POLTAVA.



SIR H. CUNLIFFE-OWEN'S ORPHEUS.



MR. WALTER RAPHAEL'S ALLENBY.



SHOWING TATTENHAM CORNER, WITH SHRUBS (MARKING THE OLD CORNER) PLANTED TO KEEP HORSES OFF THE NEW TURF UNTIL THE RACE: THE DERBY COURSE AT EPSOM.



MAJOR MCALMONT'S TETRATEMA.



LORD ZETLAND'S DYNAMO.



MAJOR GILES LODER'S SPION KOP.



SIR JAMES BUCHANAN'S SARCHEDON.



LORD LONDONDERRY'S POLUMETIS.

The Derby of 1920 was the second since the war, and the 141st since the first event was won by Sir C. Bunbury's Diomed in 1780. Last year, it will be remembered, the state of the course at Epsom left much to be desired, and various improvements, including a new start for the six-furlong races, had been made for the 1920 meeting. In particular, Tattenham Corner had been altered to make the turn less sharp, and on the new piece of ground thus added to the course, new turf had been laid. For practice purposes before the race, the old corner

was used, so that the new turf should not be trampled. While the railings were moved back to the new line of the curve, the old line was marked by a row of shrubs. These can be seen in our central photograph. They were removed before the meeting. The King arranged to visit Epsom on three days in Derby week—June 1; Wednesday (Derby Day); and Friday (Oaks Day), and it was expected that the Queen would be there for the Derby and the Oaks. The Derby and the Oaks will be fully illustrated in the next issue of "The Illustrated London News."

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THERE is a tantalising security about museum exhibits, inasmuch as they cannot be purchased. A fine pair of hawks in Chinese porcelain at the British

Museum, imprisoned behind glass no less guardedly than are the captive hawks in the Zoological Society's Gardens at Regent's Park, have aroused the envy of many a private collector. At the dispersal of Chinese porcelain at the Larkin sale at Christie's, there were two Kien-Lung figures of hawks which were competed for as eagerly as a pair of kyilins enamelled green and yellow and aubergine. Kang-He famille-verte vases and Kien-Lung famille-rose call up all the delights of Chinese decorative art in porcelain. A remarkable pair of mandarin jars and covers, with peacocks and flowering trees on mazarin-blue ground with prunus blossom, brought £820. Another property sold at the same time consisted chiefly of examples of the Ming Dynasty—figures of deities and kyilins, and shrines and dragons—belonging to a remoter period appealing only to esoteric collectors of Chinese art.

Silver from different owners at Christie's rooms offers some interesting pieces. The Charles II. period always appeals to collectors. A plain circular bowl, 1672, with maker's name W N with cinquefoil below in a heart, and a porringer and cover embossed with flowers and foliage, with scroll handles modelled with caryatid figures, 1661, with maker's mark G B, with a mullet and three pellets, are sure of a welcome.

Of the five portions of the carefully-chosen collection of the late Dowager Viscountess Wolseley from her apartments at Hampton Court Palace, sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, apart from certain outstanding examples of furniture of the late Stuart period, there is a series of "Old English Glass Pictures," including a portrait of Queen Anne and another of General Wolfe, which appeal to a special class of collectors.

As far apart from English ideals as are the *Salons* of Versailles from Westminster Hall, the masterpieces of the French cabinet-makers, with their splendour of colour and exuberance of ornament, have become acclimatised in this country. The exact environment which the massive pieces from the *atelier* of Boulle require has been simulated, and the pomps and vanities of Louis Quinze and the reticence of Louis Seize have

all found an appreciative regard from connoisseurs with cosmopolitan taste. The procession of fine French pieces holds the mirror to the march of French history from Madame de Maintenon to the fall of the Bastille.

The choice examples of the late Mr. Edward Arnold of Dorking came up at Christie's, and included a Louis XVI. commode, stamped J. H. Riesener, from the Garde Meuble, Fontainebleau. In the frieze are three drawers; below are two long drawers inlaid with panels of trellis-work in tulip, satinwood, and ebony, on a mahogany ground. This piece is ornamented with ormolu borders, and is surmounted with a marble slab.

The Arcadian subjects of Boucher and other artists gave place to the new style of which Riesener was the

leading exponent. The "Bureau du Roi" (Louis XV.), his masterpiece, now at the Louvre (a copy of which is in the Wallace Collection), begun by Oeben in 1760, was completed by Riesener in 1769—who married the widow of Oeben, by the way. A Louis XV. marqueterie table, of scroll outline inlaid with festoons of flowers in king-wood on tulip-wood ground mounted in ormolu borders, is from the collection of the Earl of Essex. A fine Sèvres porcelain évantail jardinière and stand is painted in panels with peasants and groups of fruit and flowers by Michaud, 1760; and there is a celebrated crozier head from the Magniac Collection, of Limoges work of the thirteenth century, in copper gilt, with double volutes, one enclosing a female saint with her head in her hands, and the other the figure of a bishop. The staff is surmounted by a figure of St. Michael. In the centre of the staff is a faceted block of rock crystal.

stretcher decorated with gadrooning. All these examples are representative of state furniture contemporary with that found at Hampton Court, when the old Tudor Palace assumed a Dutch character, with its trim gardens and its canal. A rich and varied collection such as this displays the character of the walnut period and the sumptuousness of the furniture in use by the nobility. From these heirlooms to posterity it would not be safe to generalise that such furniture was in common use in the late seventeenth century, nor that it suddenly brought luxurious trappings into English furniture hitherto unknown. At Ham House, and elsewhere, Stuart furniture exhibited under Charles II. as rich a quality, some pieces

being solid silver. Nor can one adopt without question the broad generalisation of Lord Macaulay that "a modern shopkeeper's house is as well furnished as the house of a considerable merchant in Anne's reign." The truth lies between these extremes, and the annals of the auction-room add many an illuminating footnote to the historian's pages.

It is usual to associate the style of the silver of the reign of Queen Anne with a reticence and soberness of design and a stiff homeliness of character. In the collection of the Duke of Leeds is a fine example of an urn by Phil Rolles, 1708, which denotes that something Italianate was being made. It is a fluted vase with bold scroll handles surmounted by horses' heads issuing from cornucopias. The embossed fluting is polished on a matted ground, and the example indicates free and unconventional character in its design.

An oval wine cistern by David Williams, 1710, has handles designed as gryphons' heads surmounting swinging rings. The borders are boldly gadrooned, and a band of scallop shells ornaments the shoulder. In weight this is no less than 456 oz.

The Tudor goldsmith is represented by a fine Elizabethan cup and cover of rock crystal and silver-gilt. The body is formed of faceted rock crystal, and silver-gilt borders are chased with fruit and animals' heads. The cover is a dome of rock crystal surmounted by a silver-gilt figure of an Amazon. This bears the hall-mark for 1583, and the maker's mark is a bell.

A two days' sale of autograph letters by Messrs. Sotheby includes, from the

Pease Collection, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a number of letters relating to the abolition of slavery in America. Miss Dunlop contributes letters and manuscripts of Burns, Shelley, and Keats; and there is an interesting manuscript by Abraham Lincoln, the property of her Grace the Duchess of St. Albans, being a draft for one of his famous speeches.

Those who remember the lavender perfume of Kate Greenaway's dainty colour books will find, from the collection of the Countess of Mayo, a rich nosegay, representing the quiet work of that gifted artist, who came on the wave of the æsthetic movement in the 'eighties and contributed so much to break the spell of early-Victorian ugliness in costume.



THE PAINTER OF THE COLOURED PLATE IN THIS NUMBER: Mlle. SUZANNE MEUNIER, THE WELL-KNOWN ARTIST, WHOSE WORK IS SO POPULAR IN THE "SKETCH," IN HER STUDIO.

Mlle. Suzanne Meunier is the artist who is doing such notable work for the "Sketch," in which many of her dainty feminine types have been—and are being—reproduced in colour. An exhibition of her pastels was recently opened in the Galerie Saint-Florentin in Paris.—[Photograph by Wyndham.]

The collection of "Old English Furniture," the property of the Duke of Leeds, removed from Hornby Castle, Yorkshire, comes up for sale at Christie's on June 10, and embraces some superb examples of the William and Mary period, including walnut arm-chairs with scroll tops and covered with crimson velvet, and a complete suite of furniture covered with green-and-gold velvet, with settee and seven arm-chairs. Another settee of unique design has double back and winged scroll ends, and is covered with Genoa velvet with floral designs in red and green on gold ground. Still another settee, similarly covered, has the framework decorated with foliage in plaster-work painted, and has a richly ornamented X-shaped



WHITE WIGS AND BARE FOREHEADS: SKETCHES FROM PARIS.

The passion for appearing with powdered hair or a white wig has not yet reached London, but it continues to hold sway in Paris. The other French styles of the moment are, however, to be seen in town. The approved method of doing the hair just now is to brush it straight off the forehead, and pull it down over the ears. If a band is worn, it must be so low that it just "misses" the eye-brows. Very elaborate head-

resses are a favoured mode also. Some are, in fact, so large as to be almost hats, while jewelled tissue and rich material are twisted into caps for evening and theatre wear. Tortoise-shell combs and pins, feathers and flowers, are all popular, and each holds its special attraction, as our page of drawings by Suzanne Meunier shows. It gives a complete and attractive review of the Parisiennes' evening coiffure.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SUZANNE MEUNIER. [COPYRIGHTED IN THE U.S.A. AND CANADA.]



COMRADES OF KRASSIN—THE RULERS OF BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA: OF COMMISSARIES OF

Interest in the leaders of Bolshevism has been intensified here by the arrival of M. Krassin and his Mission, which is partly of a political and partly of a commercial and financial nature. On May 31 M. Krassin, who was accompanied by a colleague, was received at No. 10, Downing Street by the Prime Minister. It was reported that Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Curzon were present. It may be recalled that on May 26 the Bolshevist Government sent a "wireless" to the Governments of Great Britain, France, Italy, and the United States, saying: "The Soviet Republics of Russia and the Ukraine are free from any territorial ambitions, and have no aggressive



A KEY TO THE CHIEF FIGURES IN THE GROUP.
1. Lenin; 2. Trotsky; 3. Tchitcherine (Foreign Affairs); 4. Radek; 5. Soliansky (Administrator of War Council);
6. Kouray (Justice); 7. Mms. Ozerovska (Education); 8. Mms. Polov (Insurance); 9. Rikoff; 10. Brukhanoff (Food);
11. Krestinsky (Finance); 12. Chmidt (Labour).

LENIN, TROTSKY, AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL THE PEOPLE AT MOSCOW.

designs whatever against other countries. Having nearly accomplished the final destruction of the internal enemy, who, supported by the Entente Governments, threatened the existence of the Soviets, they have devoted themselves to the great work of economic reconstruction and productive labour, which has absorbed all their energies. This work of reconstruction internally constitutes no menace to any other country. The Soviet Government has repeatedly declared that, if foreign Governments will refrain from interfering with the internal life of the Soviet Republic, the Soviet Government will not interfere with the internal affairs of other countries."

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LONDON THE UNIVERSITY CITY: THEIR MAJESTIES' INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITISH ILLUSTRATIONS LTD. AND PHOTOPRESS



THE ONLY TWO HOLDERS OF HONORARY DEGREES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARY, DRIVING TO THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS—THE ROYAL CARRIAGE IN KINGSWAY.



IN HIS ROBES AS A DOCTOR OF LAWS: THE KING RECEIVING THE TROWEL FOR LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW BUILDINGS.



IN HER ROBES AS A DOCTOR OF MUSIC: THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARY, DURING THE CEREMONY AT THE LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS.

London is more and more assuming its rightful place as a great University city, the centre of the Empire's education. Another step towards that end was taken on May 28, when the King laid the foundation-stone of a new wing to be added to the London School of Economics in Clare Market, required for the purposes of the new degrees in commerce instituted by the University of London. Their Majesties and Princess Mary were received by Dr. Russell Wells, the Vice-Chancellor, who, in his address, said that it was hoped to establish the greatest school of commerce in the world. The King and Queen donned their robes as LL.D. and Mus. Doc. respectively. His Majesty said: "It

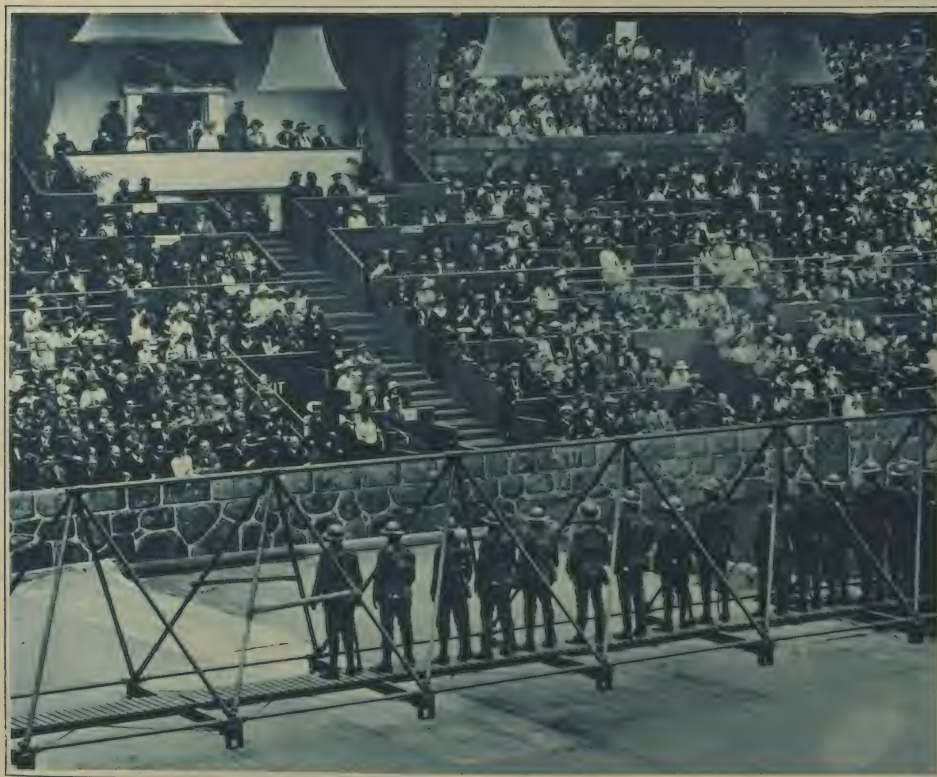
has ever been a source of pride to us both to be the only two persons holding honorary degrees of doctors in your University. . . . It is right and fitting that the new Faculty of Commerce should be linked to the London School of Economics. . . . The London degree is valued far beyond the limits of the British Isles. . . . It is our earnest hope that, persevering in that liberal policy under which, without distinction of sex or creed, its degrees were made open to the poor and the humble, the University of London may go from strength to strength." Among the articles deposited under the foundation-stone were a set of new 1920 coins and a copy of Professor Cannan's "Wealth."

SPORT—LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGAL: THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: GOLF; PIGEON-RACING; COCK - FIGHTING; LAWN - TENNIS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROWN AND CO., LANARK; C.N.; SPORT AND GENERAL: AERIAL PHOTOS LTD., EDINBURGH; AND SENNECKE, BERLIN.



PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS AT GLENEAGLES: (LEFT TO RIGHT) JAMES BRAID, HARRY J. FERNIE, S. B. WALLACE, TOM R. FERNIE, GEO. M'DOWALL, GEO. E. SMITH, W. L. RITCHIE, GEO. DUNCAN, G. FAULKNER, W. NICKERSON, A. G. HAVERS, P. RAINFORD, T. G. RENOUE, CLAUDE GRAY, CHARLES JOHNS, HARRY VARDON, R. G. WILSON.



THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARY, AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: WATCHING THE BRIDGE-BUILDING DISPLAY BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS FROM THE ROYAL BOX (SEEN IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND).

Sport in various forms has enjoyed a vigorous revival since the war. The recent Golf Tournament at Gleneagles has brought that course into prominence, and particular interest, therefore, attaches to our aerial photograph of the King's Home and the first tee, taken during the play. The long group at the top shows the professionals who took part. In the final round, it may be recalled, George Duncan (Hanger Hill) beat Arnaud Massy (Nivelle) by 3 up and 2 to play. In the semi-final Duncan beat J. H. Taylor (Mid-Surrey) and Massy beat James Sherlock (Stoke Poges).—A remarkable feature of the Royal Tournament at Olympia was the bridge-building display by the Royal Engineers, illustrated in our issue of May 29. They



JEAN CASSIAT, FRANK BALL, ARNAUD MASSY, ROLAND WINGATE, EDWIN SINCLAIR, CHARLES DUFFIE, SIDNEY WINGATE, TOM MOUNCE, TOM GILLESPIE, JACK SIDVEY, E. RAY, TOM WILLIAMSON, T. SIMPSON, FRANK COLTART, J. H. TURNER, JAMES SHERLOCK, W. M. WATT, J. H. TAYLOR, H. F. JARMAN, ANDREW KAY, ALEX. HERD, AND F. WARDURTON.



THE GRIMSBY AND DISTRICT PIGEON-RACE: 'LIBERATING' THE BIRDS AT FINSBURY PARK STATION.



A "SPORT" ILLEGAL IN THE BRITISH ISLES SINCE 1849: A SECRET COCK-FIGHT HELD RECENTLY IN IRELAND.



THE GOLF TOURNAMENT AT GLENEAGLES SEEN FROM THE AIR: THE KING'S HOME AND THE FIRST TEE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN AEROPLANE AT 200 FT.



LAWN-TENNIS A-BOOM IN GERMANY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) HERREN R. KLEINSCHROT, VON BISSING, KREUZER, AND FROITZHEIM.

reproduced an actual incident of the war—the throwing of a tubular bridge over the Canal du Nord, under fire.—In the Grimsby and District Pigeon Race, the homing birds were released at Finsbury Park station, as shown in our photograph.—Ireland can hardly be called a law-abiding country in these days, so it is not surprising to find that a cock-fight—a form of "sport" made illegal in the United Kingdom in 1849—took place recently at Navan, Co. Meath. Though the scene of the encounter was kept "secret," it was attended by a large crowd. Five birds were killed.—Lawn-tennis is "booming" in Germany, as elsewhere. Various German players, including Herr Froitzheim, were well known over here before the war.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

OF all the wonderful things which the Guitrys have shown us at the Aldwych, "Pasteur" is the most unforgettable. As I came away I was speechless. I had not been to the theatre: I had lived another man's life—lived with him from his combative manhood, his mellowing maturity, to the apogee of age glorious in the world's adoration at the

that Pasteur had made his great discovery. So with fear and trembling the grandfather leads the child to the master. Pasteur was convinced of his serum, yet so far he had never tried it on a human being. Shall he risk it on this little child? Dare he venture a life to save a life? His struggle is intense, and, as he decides on the great gamble, his solicitude grows to unspeakable anguish. He would not entrust the vigil after the injection to his trusted collaborators; he would sit at the bedside and watch until the fateful fortnight had run its course. That firstling who proved his cure is forever dear to him. For deep down in his mind lingers the fear that in days to come symptoms may prove that the remedy is as great a danger as the evil against which he used it. So when, after three years, the boy, grown to strength, comes to him, now aged and feeling that his own end is on the horizon, he pets him with paternal love, beseeches him to be sure and let him know month by month how he fares. He gives him six addressed envelopes. "Only six?" says the child, and with grim humour the ageing man replies: "Perhaps you would like the whole box?" And in his saying so we hear forebodings of sadness. It is a scene without any pretence, but how it goes home! It strikes the human chord, and its vibration is lasting.

There are no women in this play, and it might be argued that in the completeness of portrayal there is but one character. Yet, strangely enough, it cannot be said that the female influence is wholly absent; for when Pasteur speaks of his wife and family we see them in our mind's eye; and when the younger doctor, so finely played by M. Leitner, reveals his soul, we seem to witness a great conflict between a man and a woman. It is, as it were, a scene created by suggestion.

Again, it would be incorrect to say that this is entirely a one-man play, although the one man dominates it from beginning to end. Indeed, we have no mere blurred vision of the other characters, whether they be the thumbnail sketches of the other doctors, marvellously vitalised in a few apt sentences in the Académie scene, or portrayed more elaborately in the pathetic figure of his assistant and the grandfather and the child, both drawn in living perfection, who fill the stage in the study scene more effectively than a dozen lay-figures in plays of action.

There is no need on my part to belaud and elaborate that towering creation of Lucien Guitry. If I have succeeded in conveying the meaning of the play it is because in outlining Pasteur I have recorded my impression of Guitry. As an achievement, nothing in modern acting equals the "ages of a man" as moulded by the great French actor. He has solved the immense problem, not only with the aid of wigs and grease-paint, but by inwardness and self-oblivion, of demonstrating the law of change of a life-time in the brief span of one evening.

Vesta Tilley has decided once and for all to be Lady de Frece. She is saying good-bye to Algy and Tommy, to Father's footsteps and to the millions of England who are preparing a huge scroll of honour as a parting gift. When an artist so popular—I would almost

say so idolised—speaks of retirement, we always cherish a secret hope that "Farewell" may yet mean "Au revoir"; that the lure of the footlights will call her back; that far from the madding crowd she may begin to hunger for the daily ration of applause which is dearer to the player than even the largesse of salary. Not every artist has the staunchness of purpose of an Emily Soldene and Hortense Schneider, to live upon past glories and let the world run its course. Nor do I, as the onlooker, see why they should retire before age marks time. A woman like Vesta Tilley is an everlasting joy, and evergreen she remains, although she told us in her little speech that she had been on the stage for—here she hesitated—many years. Her art is as subtle as ever; her diction, always remarkable for its clearness, has, if anything, become more telling; she never exhibits any signs of fatigue or "routine." Fresh as paint as she looks, so is her delivery, and the more we listen the more we value her gifts. Her very appearance is all that prepossession means. She looks the idealised boy and Tommy. She wears the daintiest clothes—oh for the address of her tailor! Her face looks like a city in illumination. Her smile, always spontaneous, spreads joy of living, joy in the work, joy in the gentle raillery of her victims, be they Algy, Tommy, or Father. But that is the surface. There is much more in her creations. "Cabby knows his fare." She knows the young "knot" of to-day, his whims, his ways, his little elegances. She also knows the soldier. The secret of Vesta Tilley is that she sees things and people through our eyes, and that she irresistibly appeals to our sense of humour, whether we be of the stalls or of the gallery. It is the touch of human nature that tells.

For that we love her; for that—let us be candid—we watched the preceding part of an excellent programme in somewhat expectant impatience; for that we felt a little flutter when she appeared, and we revelled in the hurricane of applause that greeted her and raged for many minutes when she had yielded the last encore. And when she addressed a few modest, well-chosen words of thanks to the audience, there



THE REVIVAL OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE" AT THE GLOBE: MISS MARIE LÖHR AS THE COMTESSE DE CANDALE.

Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.

Académie de Médecine—yet infinitely sad. For the gnarled oak was tottering; the life-force was ebbing out; the brain, of yore so clear and lucid and trenchant, was gradually becoming benumbed. It was not Pasteur whom the President of the Republic led to the rostrum of jubilation, it was his shadow. He who had devoted his years, his knowledge, his unrivalled perseverance to the preservation of humanity, was living evidence of the limitations that beset all that which is human. Pasteur in his hour of glory was the incarnation of the tragedy of mankind—finality.

Ere that we had passed with him through storm and stress; we had ascended the great height towards recognition; we had reached with him the pinnacle—his discovery of the serum that would save the world from hydrophobia. And in this onward march we had learned to know three Pasteurs. There was Pasteur the master among his disciples, where his word was law, where his presence spread reverential awe. There was Pasteur the fighter, who in the wonderful scene at the Académie flung the gauntlet at the head of the profession and carried on such verbal warfare that the Presidential bell had to hush him into silence, to oust him from the tribune. At that moment we thought of the great man who defied the Inquisition Galileo. Pasteur, defeated, in so many words repeated his dictum, "and yet the world moves"—the time would come when his scientific theories would laugh all medical opposition to scorn.

So far we had learned little of the inner, the real, man. His figure was great and arresting, but was there a heart beneath the broad-cloth? This man lived in obedience to principles; to swerve from them was unworthy; he had no patience with people who let outward influences over-rule the sense of duty. When one of his colleagues, who was devoted to him, indicated that woman had overwhelmed his feelings and his senses, when he heard the confession of an agonising soul, he had no other solace to offer than—work! and he sent him thence to find salvation in research.

Yet we shall learn that in this rugged husk there lived a most sensitive soul. A little boy is brought to him from far away in the country. He had been bitten by a mad dog, and in the village they had learned



THE YOUNG BRIDE AND THE OLD GENERAL WHO BRINGS HUSBAND AND WIFE TOGETHER: MISS MARIE LÖHR AND MR. DAWSON MILWARD IN "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE GLOBE.

Miss Marie Löhr recently began at the Globe Theatre a charming revival of Mr. Sydney Grundy's comedy "A Marriage of Convenience," first seen twenty-three years ago. The original play by Alexandre Dumas was produced about 1840. The scene is laid in Paris of the eighteenth century, and the story deals with the conversion of a "mariage de convenance" into a love-match through the intervention of an old-fashioned uncle from the country.

Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.

was a tremor in her voice which betokened that she too felt the sweet sorrow of parting, and that this time her smile shielded a tear.

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13 ft. 6 inches	×	6 ft. 9 inches	30	7	6	13 ft. 6 inches	×	11 ft. 3 inches	50	12	6
9 ft. 0 inches	×	9 ft. 0 inches	27	0	0	15 ft. 0 inches	×	11 ft. 3 inches	56	5	0
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LADIES' NEWS

WHAT we have recently been most anxious for news about was the health of Queen Alexandra. Happily, now we have it, it is better than our keen anxiety allowed us to expect. The kind of homage we pay to that royal lady is very sincere and deep, for it springs from the love that her gracious presence has inspired in us and in our parents before us, from the wonderful way in which she has always said and done the right thing at the right moment, and because of the very gallant fashion in which she has borne the many troubles of her later life. That her absence from among us was so quickly noticed and public anxiety so soon aroused touched Queen Alexandra deeply. With her usual gallantry, she would not have the public alarmed, and so a severe attack of bronchitis following influenza was made light of. That it occasioned coughing so distressing as to cause the breaking of a little blood-vessel behind the eye proves that it was severe. However, Queen Alexandra was at the Queen's birthday luncheon party, and I heard from one who certainly knows that, with great care, rest, and quiet, our greatly loved royal lady will be well again ere long. It is somewhat difficult to obtain the absolutely necessary great care, for her Majesty wants to be about, lest good causes should suffer and the "dear people" be disappointed by her absence.

Next week, on Tuesday, there will be a concert for the St. Monica's Home Hospital for Children, in which Queen Alexandra is greatly interested. It will be held at 2, Albert Gate, Mrs. A. Sassoon's house—one that has not, so far as I can remember, been open in this way before. The Countess of Derby and the Countess of Gosford are anxious to secure a great success, as are many more well-known people, including Mrs. A. Sassoon, who was one of King Edward's most valued friends and is one of Queen Alexandra's. In the Highlands, where she is known as "Madame," Mrs. Sassoon annually entertained King Edward for the shooting at Tulchan Lodge, near Grantown. Queen Alexandra motored over from Balmoral for the day more than once. King George has also been her guest at Tulchan, and Queen Mary. There is no lady more liked in English society than this handsome and highly accomplished hostess. The concert will be first-rate. Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Monica Harrison, Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay, are among the many well-known artists who will contribute to a varied programme. There are a few tickets still to dispose of,

for those whose fingers have fine work to do, such as surgeons and other experts dependent for success on finger dexterity and sensitive touch. Talking the other day with a man whose living depends on his touch, it transpired that he had been much worried by finding the skin of his hands and fingers get hard and unimpressionable. He mentioned this to a celebrated surgeon, who said, "Well, you must be using insufficiently fatted soap." He went on



A DISTINCTIVE EVENING DRESS.

Black and white is perennial! Its fascination is displayed to the utmost in this gown of black tulle, beaded with sparkling white, and a white tulle belt. It comes from Doucet.

Photograph by Delphi.

to explain how much soap there was like this, and told him that John Knight's perfumed Castile soap was always dependable and could not be bettered. He took the surgeon's advice, got some, and now finds that his delicacy of touch is restored, and his hands, from being roughened, hard, and dry, were soft and white. It is curious what troubles spring from small causes. I also find this delightful white, perfumed Castile soap from John Knight's Royal Primrose Soap Works the right thing for keeping one's skin soft and white and smooth. It can, of course, be obtained from any stores, chemist's, or soap-dealer's.

The King and Queen intend to hold a reception and to give a garden party while the Court is in residence, for the first week in July, at Holyrood Palace. I was at the last garden-party given by their Majesties in those historic grounds. The early part of the day was hopelessly wet, and most people had made up their minds that weather did not permit. Then it cleared, and became one of those rather chilly but bright afternoons so familiar in the North, and soon the scene in the lawns beneath Arthur's Seat was animated and gay and bright. The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary were there, both in their teens, and neither the King nor his Royal Highness wore kilts, but were in morning dress. The Scottish ladies paid no heed to the chilliness of the air, and turned out in ethereal summer garden-party dresses, looking very smart and dainty. It was an assemblage in gay contrast to the dark old Palace and some of its dark old records. Another such party will be keenly appreciated by the ladies of North Britain and their menkind. The reception will be in the nature of a Court. Last time their Majesties were socially engaged in the Scottish capital they went there from Wales. Next time they will go from Scotland to Wales.

It would seem that the popularity and the fame of the Crystal Palace will be fully revived in the Imperial War Museum which the King will open on the 9th, and which, I hear, teems with interest. It reminds me of a household necessity which is known as John Bond's "Crystal Palace" marking ink. It has a grand name all over the world, as well as in British households from royal to cottagers'. I

have heard of it from my childhood, and used it since I could be trusted to write legibly, but its merits date back a century. The original requires heating, but the new kind does not. Both are sold by all chemists at 6d. and 1s. a bottle, and are absolutely reliable.

There is a hustle, as our American cousins call it, for Ascot dresses. Some women thought that they would have no new frocks, but do up old ones; others thought they could manage with one—economy was in the air. Then came Ascot weather, discussion of Ascot plans, and every woman wanted her race-week outfit as complete as ever, and cost was nothing accounted of. Modistes were, however, deeply engaged, and so it is a case of getting what is possible. Also there is the American invasion to cope with. Many plans had been made by Transatlantic visitors to go first to Paris and there buy Ascot frocks. Delays of transport interfered, so our American visitors have to be outfitted for the Royal Meeting in a hurry. Happily, there is such a firm as Debenham and Freebody's ready for all dress emergencies. Fitting is an easy matter in these days, and Debenham's models are so many and so varied that every woman can have what she wants and outfit herself from top to toe to ruffle it with the smartest. Ascot is going to be very smart and very expensive this season; it is always inclined that way, but this year extravagance is to have a run with its money on the Royal Heath, whatever may betide.

The wedding on Tuesday at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of Sir Victor Warrender and Miss Dorothy Rawson was very interesting. The bridegroom is the elder son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender and of handsome, popular Lady Maud Warrender. He is nephew to the Earl of Shaftesbury and to the Countess of Mar and Kellie; and he is a very gallant young gentleman who went off to the war the moment he was old enough so to do, and has now, in his twenty-first year—he will be twenty-one on the 23rd—two years' active war service with the Grenadier Guards, and an M.C., a Russian Order of St. Stanislas, and a Star of Roumania to his credit. His bride is also just twenty-one, and a first-rate sports-woman. She is great-niece to the Marchioness of Lansdowne and to Albertha Marchioness of Blandford, and cousin to several heads of great houses. Her only sister married Lord Leconfield when she was in her nineteenth year. It was a pretty yellow wedding, and after the



A CREATION IN BLACK AND SILVER.

There is a Greuze-like daintiness about this dress, from Lucile, and its fair wearer. It is made of black satin and tulle of the same sombre hue, to relieve which silver embroidery is used.—[Photograph by C.N.]

which can be had from Mrs. Massey Lyon, 109, Comeragh Road, W.14.

This time of year is always specially trying to the skin, and it calls for extra care. Especially is this necessary



THE ATTRACTION OF THE SLIM SILHOUETTE.

Long, tight sleeves, and a skirt which clings to the figure, are the chief features of this beautiful broché satin gown, the creation of Molyneux.—[Photograph by Wyndham.]

reception held at 9, Chesterfield Gardens, by Lady Leconfield, the young people went to Chenies, Rickmansworth, lent by Albertha Marchioness of Blandford, and thence to Devonshire, and later will settle into their town house, 34, Gloucester Place, W. A. E. L.

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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE:

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

PARIS, May 25, 1920.

PARIS is rapidly regaining her pre-war cosmopolitan character, and not even police regulations requiring the closing of restaurants at 10 p.m. (a regulation rigorously enforced, by-the-bye) can stop the influx or abate the appetite for gaiety of the foreign invasion which is taking the town by storm these days. Every corner of every hotel is occupied; even the fauteuils in the salons have their price as a substitute for a bed, and are eagerly snapped up by the sightseer bent on "doing" Paris and *ensuite* the battlefields. To walk along the Boulevards on a fine morning gives one a faint impression of what life in the Tower of Babel might have been; the soft-toned Spanish of the South Americans seems to predominate, although the accent of the North American dialect—especially that of New York State—re-echoes in all the restaurants and the larger shops, which they will call "stores." Then there are the Dutch, whose language to the uninitiated sounds so startlingly like German that one instinctively looks round in a restaurant when one hears it being freely spoken. It would seem that the inhabitants of that somewhat flat northern country have, like their famous dykes, broken loose and are flooding this country after a pent-up existence during the years of war—which may, perhaps, account for the well-filled purses they carry in the recesses of their often very shabby overcoats.

Roumanians, Greeks, and Czecho-Slovaks stroll about the Boulevards, and find the open-air cafés much to their liking; while Indians and Japanese are to be seen gazing with curious eyes at the wares so temptingly displayed in the shops in the Rue de la Paix and other haunts of fashion. But what must be their impression of Western Art, for instance, when they visit the Grand Palais and see before them the latest "creations" of the most-talked-of artists of the day? What can they make of the unrestrained riot of colour and the complete disregard of all rules and conventions which are the outstanding features of the newest school of painting? Nothing could be further removed from the

art of Japan, whose dominant note is that of repose, usually in the shadow of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain. But if the paintings at the Salon are not to their liking, they cannot fail to be impressed by some of the really fine examples of statuary which are shown to such advantage in the great Hall of the Palais. All Paris is talking of the beauty of M. Lejeune's statue of a young man, executed in marble which has almost the

Of an entirely different type, and interesting from a different point of view, is M. Landowski's immense statue of Georges Carpentier, a really magnificent work, reminiscent of the finest Greek sculpture. When I saw the figure in the artist's studio, before it was finished, he told me that he had made the first cast some eight years ago, and since then he had induced Carpentier to pose for him each year, until at last this wonderful result was achieved. I expect that the statue will be reproduced before long and sold in thousands to Carpentier's admirers all over the world; certainly, they could not wish for a better portrait of him, and there is a small fortune awaiting the enterprising person who will undertake the task.

Labour, however, is the paramount problem in this country just now, and everywhere one hears the same story—orders cannot be executed for lack of workers, and even those who do work are so independent, and insist on such high wages and frequent holidays, as to make business almost impossible. The longer one lives here, the more amazed one is at the way in which *jours de fête* encroach on the working week; add to this the growing popularity of the Saturday-afternoon closing, called the *semaine anglaise* (a custom unknown certainly in Paris a few years ago), and the establishments that do not open until 2 p.m. on Mondays, and you have some idea of the difficulty of doing business in this city. One wonders whether French people, as a whole, dislike the effort of looking ahead; if they have enough for to-morrow, why bother about the day after—something will turn up in the meantime, so why work when you can have a holiday? A *jour de fête* is an occasion for a family outing in the Bois, or an excursion to Versailles, or even further afield. They believe in snatching their pleasures while they can, and small blame to them if they can afford to do so! But that is just the question—a serious one too, and one which France at present declines to face, more's the pity; for nothing but serious application to work on the part of the whole nation can restore the balance of credit which

is so vital to the well-being of their country. In the meantime, M. Millerand's firm action in ordering the dissolution of the C.G.T. has already had its effect, and has made him something of a hero; his portrait is greeted with loud

(Continued overleaf.)



PRESIDENT DESCHANEL'S FALL FROM A TRAIN: THE CARRIAGE, SHOWING THE WINDOW WHICH HE WAS TRYING TO OPEN.

M. Paul Deschanel, the French President, fell out of his special train near Montargis on the night of May 23, while trying to open the window of his sleeping compartment. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt. Clad only in his night attire, he made his way to a watchman's cottage.

Photograph Supplied by I.B.

colour of human flesh; it is an exquisite work, and the streak of blue which appears here and there in the marble has been cleverly utilised to represent the veins of the body, with a really beautiful effect.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

(Continued.)

applause when shown on a cinema screen, while the artists of the comic papers devote their talent to portraying him as a "strong man"—indeed, before long he may even rival his famous predecessor in popularity.

By-the-by, I hear that the inhabitants of St. Ermine, in the Vosges, where M. Clemenceau was born, have subscribed a large sum to commission the famous sculptor M. Siccard to do a statue of their beloved "Docteur Georges," as they still call him. The rough sketch for the design which the artist showed me was very striking, representing the "Tiger," in overcoat and cap, standing in the trenches surrounded by half-a-dozen *poilus*, looking out towards the German lines. The group, which is to be more than life size, is being executed in the village of St. Ermine, where the sculptor has set up a temporary studio on the site of the old battle line. This has become the meeting-place of the villagers, many of whom remember M. Clemenceau as a boy and regale M. Siccard with stories of the great man's youthful pranks, at the same time indulging in very frank criticisms of the work as it progresses. It is to be hoped that the group will be finished in time for next year's Salon. Nothing worthy of



SINN FEINERS IN ROME AT THE BEATIFICATION OF OLIVER PLUNKETT: DEMONSTRATORS ACCLAIMING COUNT PLUNKETT (SEATED INSIDE THE CAR).

Photograph by I.B.

M. Clemenceau is to be found there this year, though possibly his well-known objection to "posing" of any kind may be responsible for the omission.

also such actors as Mr. Lewis Casson and Mr. Nicholas Hannen; and if it is melancholy to see their talents wasted, how much more pitiable is it to have Miss Sybil

"THE MYSTERY OF THE YELLOW ROOM," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

THE story of Gaston Leroux which Mr. Hannaford Bennett has adapted for the St. James's Theatre may be, and doubtless is, fully explained in the book; but in the playwright's version it is not a little confusing. In its main situation we see a character who has every appearance of being the heroine's venerable and white-bearded scientist-father settle himself into an armchair, only to start up and, with a piece of legerdemain, reveal himself as a criminal husband, marriage with whom she has kept a secret; then we see him dose her with chloroform, and hey presto! he makes another pass over his make-up to emerge as a French detective who brings a false charge against the man the heroine was going to marry. If it is a wise son that knows his own father, then the heroine's son is far from wise—he fails to perceive the villain in the detective, and small blame to him—but he is suffered to recognise his mother at once after many years by reason of the scent she affects. What would

our mystery-mongers do without Sardou? Obviously, this boy has one of the stage-requisites for acting as *deus ex machina* in a drama of crime, and it is he who comes to the help of sorely pressed virtue, though he has to journey to America to equip himself for the task. There he is imagined to collect such evidence of his masquerading father's guilt that there is no alternative before the rascal but suicide. That much is clear; but how the noises of the yellow room were brought about, and what its mystery really was, remains obscure. For a play with such poor material as this, an extremely clever cast has been engaged. The company includes not only Mr. Franklin Dyall and young Mr. Arthur Pusey in the two chief male rôles, but

SHOWING A PORTRAIT OF OLIVER PLUNKETT OVER THE ALTAR: THE CEREMONY OF HIS BEATIFICATION IN ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.

The beatification of the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, took place in St. Peter's, at Rome, on Sunday, May 23. The decorations used at the canonisation of Joan of Arc were still in place, and amid them, in a blaze of light, a picture of Oliver Plunkett was unveiled during the ceremony. Many Irish ecclesiastics and pilgrims were present, and Sinn Fein demonstrations occurred outside. As Count Plunkett and Mr. Lawrence O'Neill were leaving, the Sinn Fein war song, "Soldiers We Are," was sung. Oliver Plunkett was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn in 1681 for conspiring to bring a French army into Ireland. Evidence against him, it is said, was given by two Irish priests.—[Photograph by I.B.]

Thorndike's exceptional powers expended on the sorrows of a melodramatic heroine!

"A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," AT THE GLOBE.

"A Marriage of Convenience," based by Mr. Sydney Grundy on the eighty-year-old original of Dumas *père*, is one of those paint-and-powder comedies in which manners are given more prominence than human nature, and the

[Continued overleaf.]

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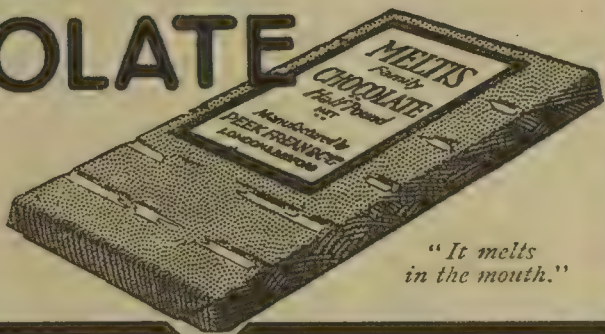
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Continued.]

story is as artificial as the period. Such plays have their picturesqueness, but they have also their convention; in their world of masquerade sentiment must be content to be the handmaid of modish airs, and youth must forget to be spontaneous. Passion may not spin the plot save furtively; to obey instinct is to be unfashionable. So, as in the Dumas adaptation, which Miss Marie Löhr revived last week at the Globe, a couple made for each other are supposed to ignore the call of their blood and need the intervention of a soldier-uncle from the country, and his threat of an annulment of the marriage, to convert their contract by agreement into a love-match. Witty dialogue, amusing situations, and neat technique still recommend this trifling little piece, which requires, of course, from its interpreters the very lightest of treatment. In the rôle of the *ingénue*, wedded straight from a convent, yet capable of flirtation, Miss Marie Löhr cuts a dainty figure and shows plenty of charm; if there is a fault to be found with her, it consists in a certain lack of *abandon* and breadth in style—Winifred Emerys are not available every day. As the Comte, Mr. Leslie Faber has not quite the gallantry and elegance of a William Terriss or a Lewis Waller; but his is a sound piece of acting; and Mr. Lauri de Frece, so long associated with musical comedy or comic opera, has a surprise in store for his admirers in the quaint part of Valclos, which he handles in just the right comedy fashion.

THE GUITRY SEASON AT THE ALDWYCH.

The Guitry season, now nearing its close, has shown us the wonderful Sacha conjuring with half-a-dozen varieties of drama. In "L'illusioniste," the fifth play of the series, the author has cast himself as actor for the part of a professional conjurer, and he begins his story with a miniature music-hall programme. If it is droll to have Sacha Guitry performing sleight-of-hand tricks, and Yvonne Printemps, with delicious roguery, burlesquing the type that goes down as an English actress on the French vaudeville stage; even droller is the ensuing scene in which the two artists, imagining each other to come from across the Channel, try their broken English on one another, and then discover to their joy that they are both Parisians. Determined to pursue their acquaintance further, the pair are well on the road to love, when a lady in the audience intervenes and carries off the conjurer out of caprice. For Sacha the player, this capture by the audacious innamorata means one of his gayest exercises in love-making, which has for epilogue a scene in almost a serious vein wherein the mummer parts from his sweetheart of an hour or two as indifferently as a butterfly from a flower. Not Sacha Guitry and Mlle. Printemps only, but Mlle. Alice Beyrat, strike just the right note in this cynical trifle.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

H F DEAKIN (Fulwood).—We will report upon your problem later on.

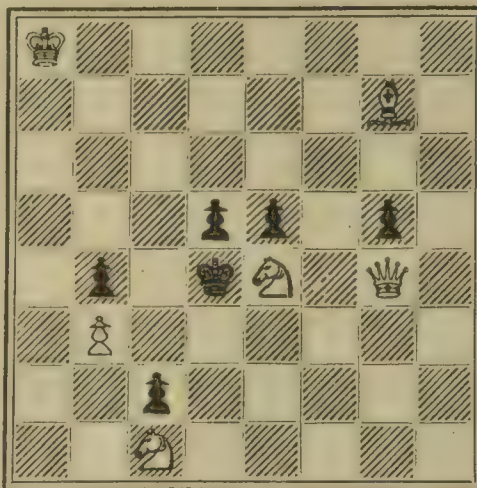
NORMAN T. WHITAKER (Washington).—Thanks for specimens of your skill, which we shall have pleasure in publishing at no distant date.

ROBERT JOHNSTONE (Dalmellington).—The first move of your problem is obvious, and short-mates occur once or twice too often.

WALTER R KINSEY (Sydenham).—There is a second solution of your problem, by 1. Q to R 2nd.

J WALTER RUSSELL (City of London Chess Club).—We are much obliged for your kindness in sending such a useful batch.

PROBLEM No. 3837.—By J. W. ABBOTT.
BLACK



WHITE
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3835.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

WHITE
1. P to R 3rd
2. K to B 3rd
3. Q mates.

BLACK
P takes K Kt
Any move.

If Black plays: 1. P takes Q Kt; 2. Kt to Q 3rd, etc. If 1. K takes K Kt; 2. Q to R 6th (ch), etc.; and if 1. P to R 6th, then 2. Q takes Kt P (ch), etc.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3831 received from Charles Murray (Stellenbosch, Cape Colony) and H F Marker (India); of No. 3832 from H F Marker (Porbandar, India); of No. 3833 from J B Camara (Madeira); of No. 3834 from M J F Crewell (Tulsa Hill), and John F Wilkinson (Ramleh, Egypt); of No. 3835 from Jas. C Gemmell (Campbeltown), and H W Satow (Bangor).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3836 received from H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), Joseph Willock (Southampton), J S Forbes (Brighton), R J Lonsdale (New Brighton), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), H W Satow (Bangor), A B Verbi (Uxbridge), P W Hunt (Bridgwater), A H H (Bath), C H Watson (Masham), Percy Leighton (Highgate), Jas. C Gemmell

(Campbeltown), S Downs (Huyton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and F S Grant (Lewes).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Sir G. A. THOMAS and Mr. E. G. SERGEANT.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Sir G. A. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Sir G. A. T.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. Q to B 3rd	P to K R 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. Kt to Kt 6th	Q to Q sq
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	23. Q Kt to Q 5th	P to Kt 5th
4. B to R 4th	Kt to B 3rd		
5. Castles	B to K 2nd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
7. B to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
8. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q R 4th		
9. B to Kt 5th	Castles		
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to R 3rd		
11. Q B to R 4th	P to B 3rd		
12. P to K R 3rd	P to Kt 4th		
13. B to Kt 3rd	K to Kt 2nd.		
14. R to K sq	Kt takes B		
15. R P takes Kt	B to K 3rd		
16. Kt to B sq	P to Q Kt 5th		
17. Kt to Kt sq	P to B 4th		
18. Kt to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd		
19. Q Kt to Q 2nd	K to R 2nd		
20. Kt to B 4th	R to R 2nd		

The weakness of Black's position is now clearly to be seen. He can in no case escape without the loss of an important Pawn, and consequently is left with a defence badly impaired.

The advance of these two Pawns before a single piece is off the board is altogether premature, and deprives the King presently of much-needed protection.

The feature of this game is the, persistent and accurate pressure by White on the first sign of weakness in the opposing line. He gives Black neither time nor chance to recover.

Blasting tree-stumps by explosives was the subject of some interesting illustrations in our issue of May 22. It should have been mentioned that the blowing up of oak-stumps at Haslemere, shown in the first three photographs, was carried out with explosives made by Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, one of the constituent companies of Explosive Trades, Ltd. Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's specialities in high explosives are known as "Cheddite" and "Gunpowder Pellets."

Visitors to the Royal Academy who wish to possess a delightful souvenir of this year's Exhibition should not fail to obtain a copy of "The Royal Academy Illustrated" (1920). The book, which is published by authority of the Royal Academy by Messrs. Walter Judd, Ltd., 97, Gresham Street, E.C.2, at the price of 3s. 6d., contains a very large number of exquisite photographic reproductions. Among them will be found all the most notable works of the year, both in painting and sculpture. The pictures represented include many portraits of living celebrities, landscapes, and scenes from history and the late war. The quality of the plates and printing gives the book an artistic value far above the average of such publications.

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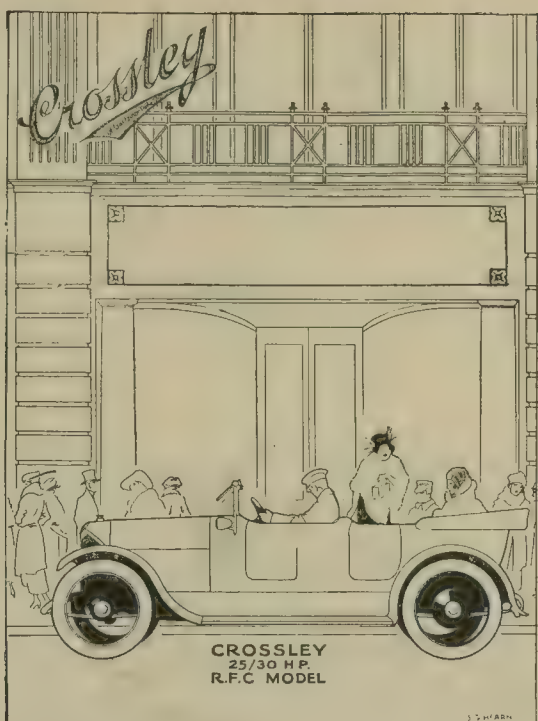
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"Lying in bed chewing a clinical thermometer is neither an entertaining nor profitable occupation."

malignant disposition constantly floating around, you are most unwise to be without a policy which for a very small annual premium protects you against considerable financial loss. In the present case you might have been receiving £12 per week and had your doctor's bill footed by the Motor Union people as well. The annual premium would have been £15 8s., less 10% to you because you have the good sense to hold a life policy with the same insurance office, and you would have been insured for £4,000 in the event of death by train, tram, or bus accident. I haven't time to enumerate all the many advantages that the "Accident and Disease" policy offers, but when you are about again you must get the Motor Union pamphlet on the subject and discover the advantages for yourself.

In the meantime I had better bring this letter to a close, or I shall be sending your temperature up and getting myself disliked by that nurse who you say is so capable and charming. With best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Your affectionate,
Father.

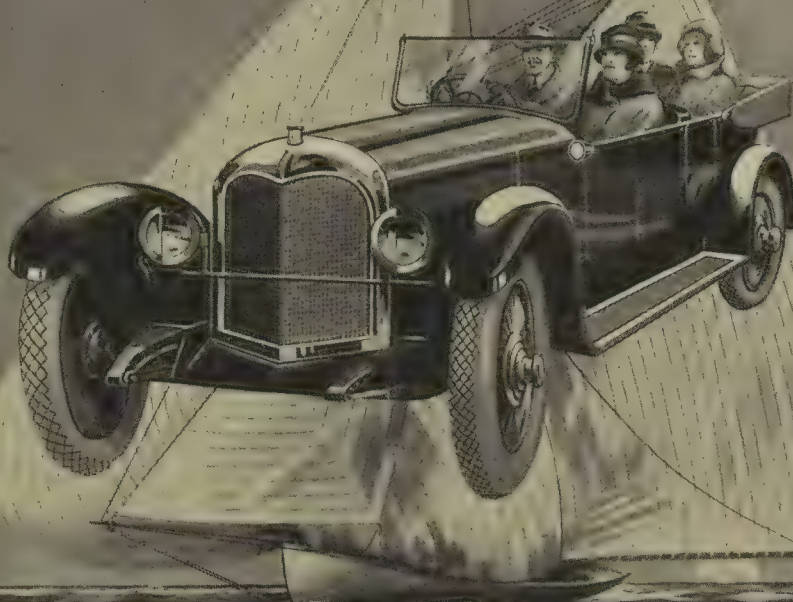
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Absurdity
of the Speed
Limit.

SOME quite illuminating figures regarding police trapping in the London area were given recently by the Home Secretary in reply to a question addressed to him by Viscount Curzon. The latter wanted to know how many convictions there had been in this area

or of the lighting orders, or something equally venial, which in connection with anything else but the use of the motor vehicle would have probably excited no notice at all.

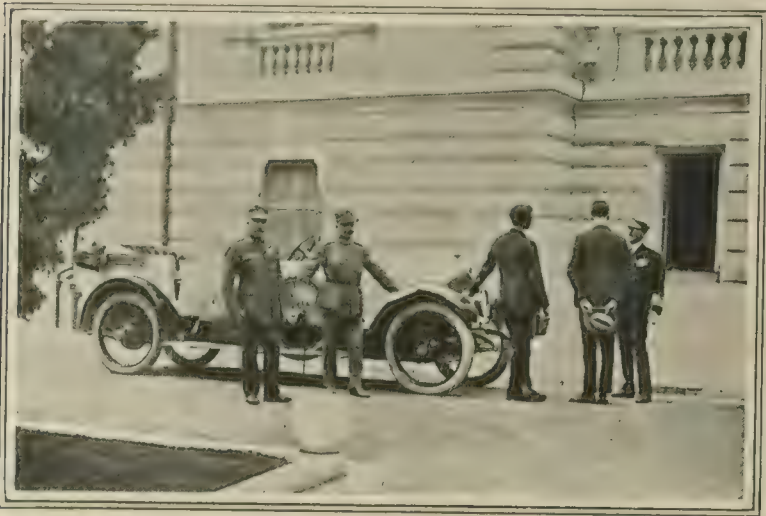
It has often been alleged, and strenuously denied by the officials concerned, that the super-activity of the police in the matter of the motorist is rooted in the desire to extract fines from the pocket of the latter. In the early days of motoring, I have no doubt, a great deal of the persecution directed against the motorist was due to the innate conservativeness of the race; and the police authorities proceeded on the principle that, because the motor vehicle and its user were strangers, the proverbial half-brick must be thrown at them. That is no explanation now, though, and we have to look for something else. Although the police are eager enough, as a rule, to allege dangerous driving where there is the slightest chance of proving it, yet in only one case in fifteen in which proceedings have been taken against the Metropolitan motorist has there been the smallest ground to allege even remotely possible danger to the public. If ever figures gave point to the contention I have so often advanced in these columns—that there can only be one real

offence in connection with the driving of a car, and that is the measure of danger to the leges—it is these under discussion. The whole point seems to be that the arbitrary speed-limit is proved to be absurd, and, since everyone disregards it, no protection to the public. Further, the actual proportion of offences against the limit which involve what the police term danger is very small, while that which represents real danger to the public is even smaller—so small, in fact, as to be infinitesimal. Another lesson which the authorities might

usefully learn from the figures is that the police who are employed on useless trapping duty would be doing far more important work in the suppression of the real crime which is rampant throughout the country.

A Taxation
Apologia.

The Ministry of Transport has inspired a statement, issued to the Press for publication, pointing out how much better off the motorist will be under the Government's new scheme of taxation than he would be if the fuel tax were retained. I have seldom seen anything less convincing than this apologia. It makes a great point of the fact that the motorist whose mileage is over 10,000 a year will score; but there is nothing to lead one to suppose that any great proportion of car-owners travel anything like that distance. I should say that, taking an all-round average, 5000 would be much nearer the mark, which means that our taxation under the new scheme will be roughly doubled. I particularly like this statement: "It is only in the case where a mileage of 5000 or less is run that there is



BEING INSPECTED BY KING ALEXANDER OF GREECE (EXTREME RIGHT):
A 25-30-H.P. R.F.C. MODEL CROSSLEY TOURING CAR AT ATHENS

The photograph was taken outside the Royal Palace before the car went to the Zappeion, for the opening of the Exhibition of British Manufactures, organised by the Federation of British Industries, recently held in Athens. King Alexander and his wife were recently concerned in a motor accident near Paris. He is here seen in Greek Naval uniform.

between Jan. 1 and April 30 this year for infringements of the Motor Car Act, and, further, in how many cases there was an allegation of dangerous driving. Mr. Shortt stated in answer that during the four months covering the period over which information was desired there had been 5511 prosecutions under the Motor Car Act and Orders, and that charges of reckless, negligent, or dangerous driving, or of failing to stop when requested to do so by a policeman in uniform, were made in 362 cases. A simple effort in subtraction shows, therefore, that in 5149 cases there was not the slightest ground for an accusation of endangering the public—that this number relates entirely to purely technical infringements of the speed-limit law



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(Continued overleaf.)

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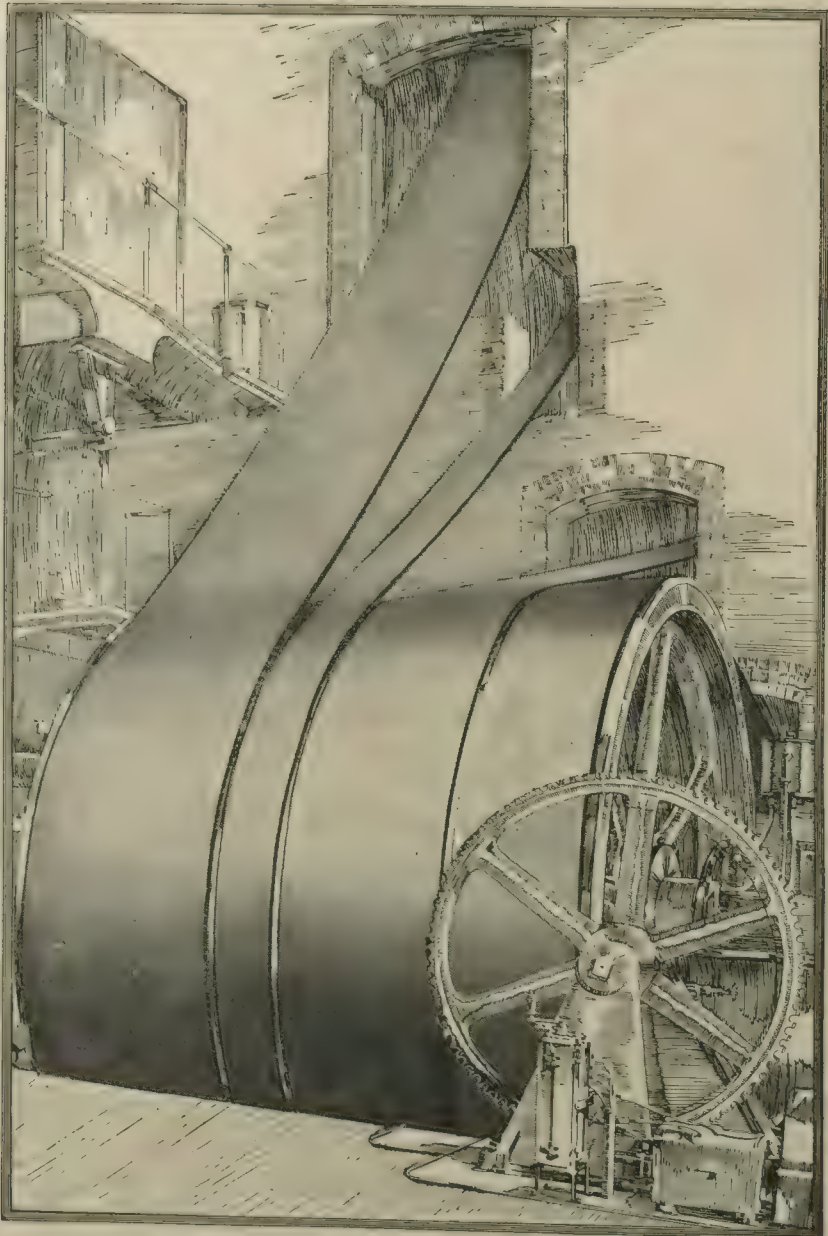
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Continued.]

railway—who motors to Scotland for the shooting, and attends all the race meetings per motor—is engaged on "work of national importance"; while people like myself, who drive nine-tenths of the annual mileage purely on business, are using their cars as a luxury! The Ministry of Transport should pray to be saved from its friends.

This audacious piece of special pleading—for it is all that—sets forth that, if all rebates on the fuel tax were done away with, the money required for the roads could be obtained by a flat-rate tax on petrol of 11½d. per gallon. It might have usefully told us what the flat rate would be if it were levied on all fuel, irrespective of character and origin; and, alternatively, what it would be if the obviously just method were adopted of raising the money by means of a general tax on all road vehicles. In the meantime, I am waiting anxiously to know what the motoring organisations are going to do in the matter of these taxation proposals. I and all other motorists are perfectly familiar with what they have said; but, as I have argued before, we can talk until the Greek kalends arrive without making the slightest impression on the Government. The question now is how the very clear and sound objections to the new taxes are to be translated

into action. That again has been quite adequately indicated to the organisations concerned, but it remains with them to take the actual lead, which obviously cannot be done by the private individual. If they will take it, I am convinced they will get all the support necessary to make their action effective.

Why Production is Backward.

One of the primary causes of delay in the delivery of new cars is the attitude of the workers towards work, and their general spirit of combativeness, so to speak. An excellent example of this attitude is furnished by the recent strike at the Rolls-Royce works. It appears that one of the hands, who seems to have been something of a fire-brand, was discharged for indifferent workmanship. If there is any good cause for the dismissal of a workman, it is surely bad work, especially in a factory which aims at the superlatively high standard of Rolls-Royce production. This does not seem to have appealed to the workers as a whole, for 6000 men went on strike as a protest against the discharge of the one. This occurred on May 15, and the men remained out until the 27th, when they returned to work without having succeeded in getting the discharged man reinstated. Thus a whole fortnight's pro-

duction is lost and endless disorganisation caused by sheer wrong-headedness.

W. W.

In aid of the educational work of the Women's Local Government Society, a Thé Dansant is to be given at the Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, on Friday, June 25, from 3 to 7 p.m. Mackay's Band has been engaged for the occasion. Tickets (12s. 6d. each, including tea) may be obtained from the organiser, Miss Adeline Bourne, Flat 3, 19, Tothill Street, S.W.1. The W.L.G.S. numbers among its patrons Countess Beatty, the Countess of Lytton, Viscountess Astor, M.P., and many other well-known leaders of society. The President is Lady Buckmaster.

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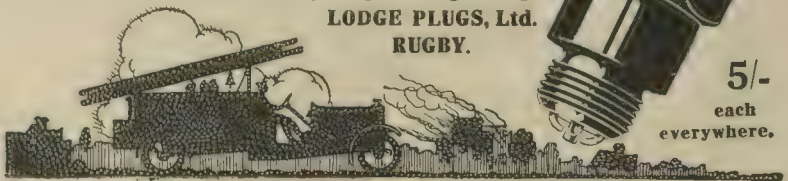


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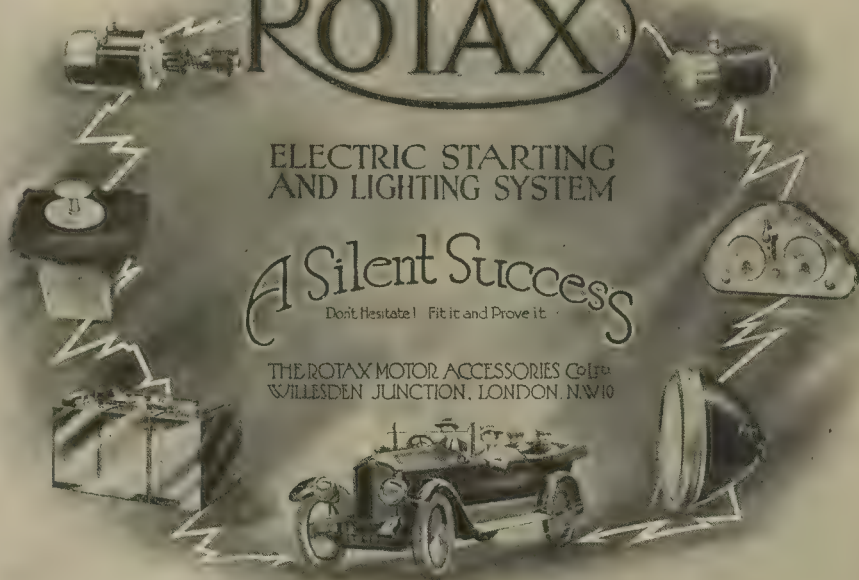
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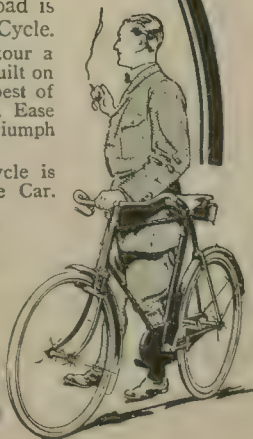
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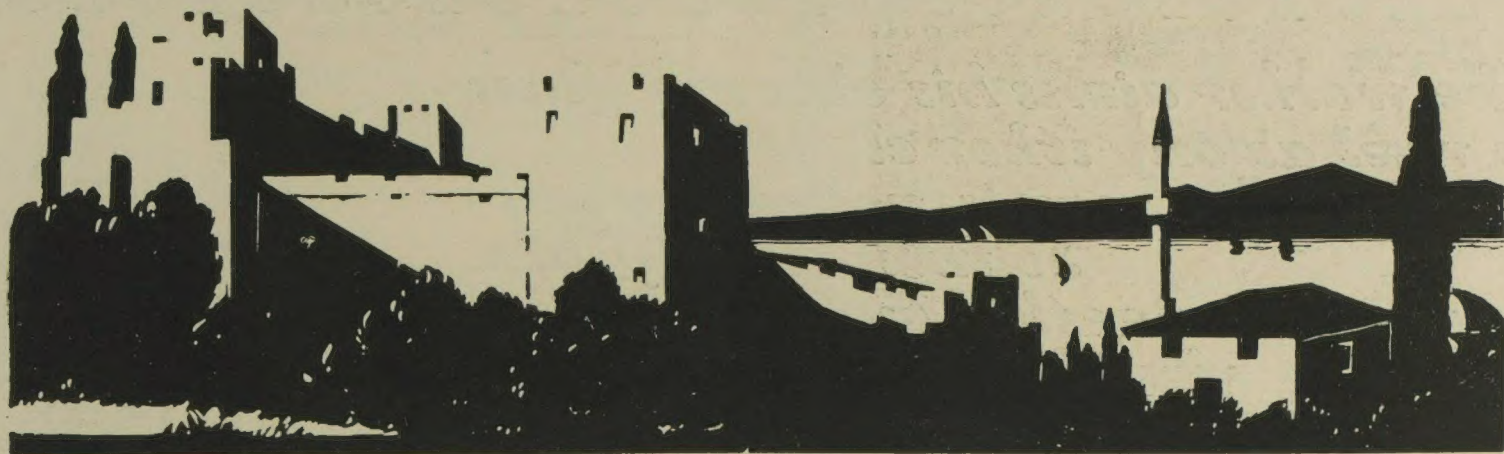
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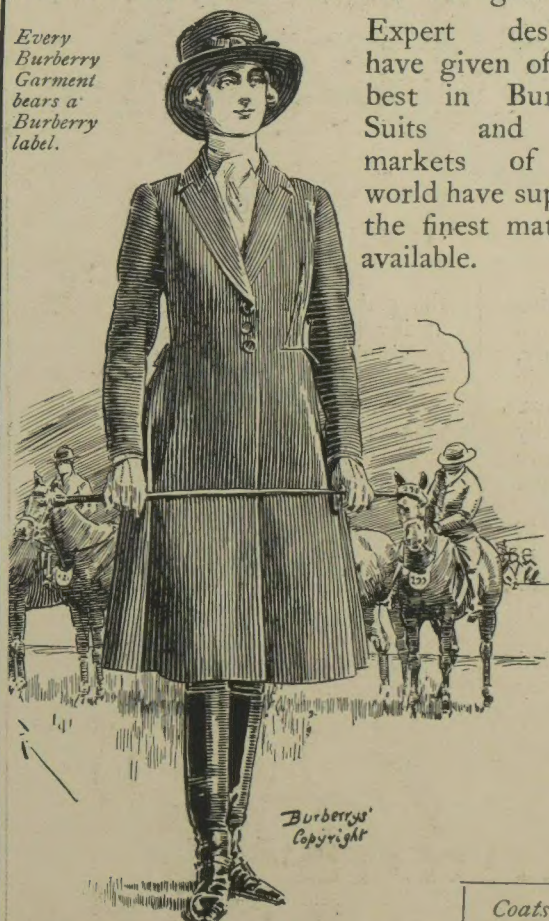
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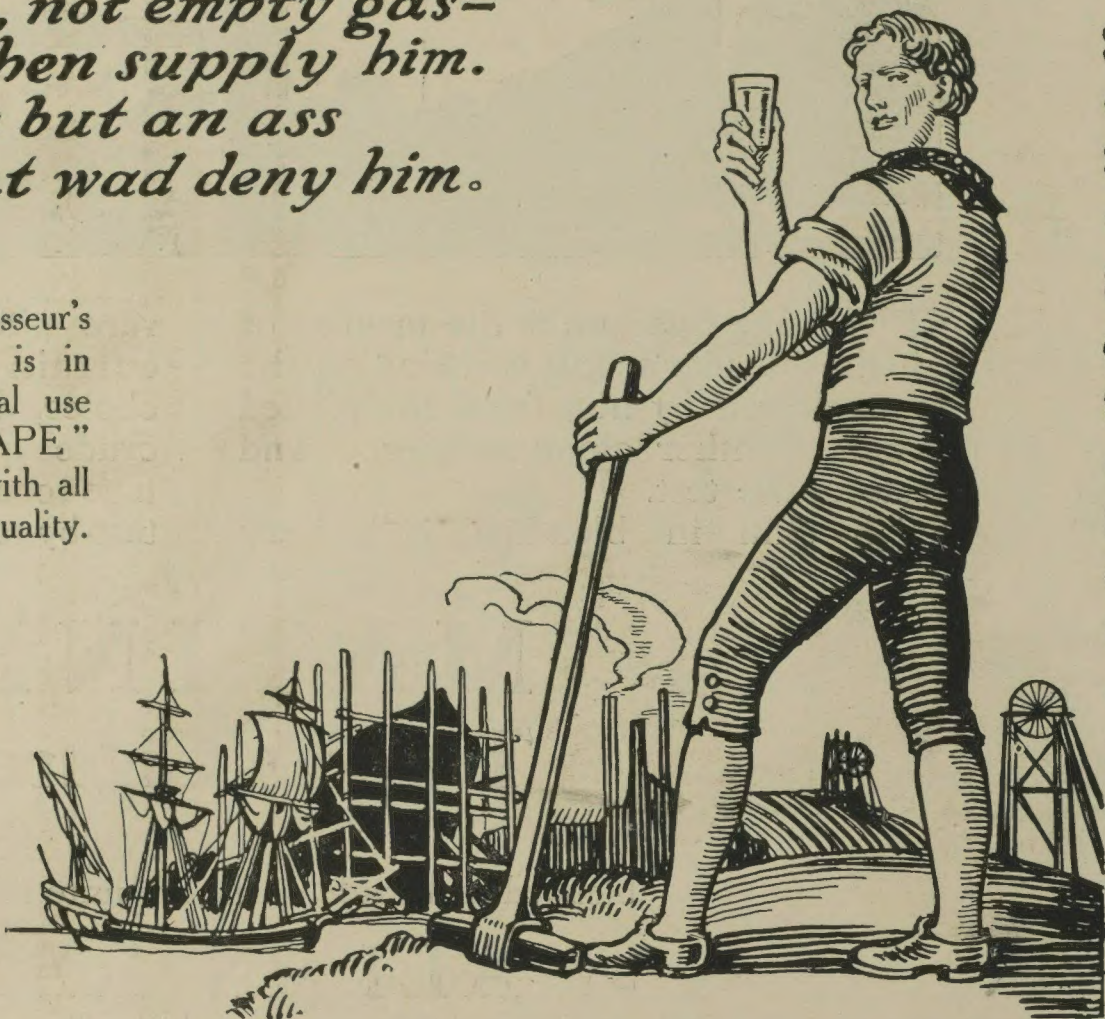
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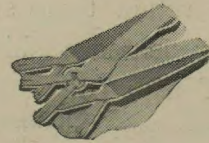
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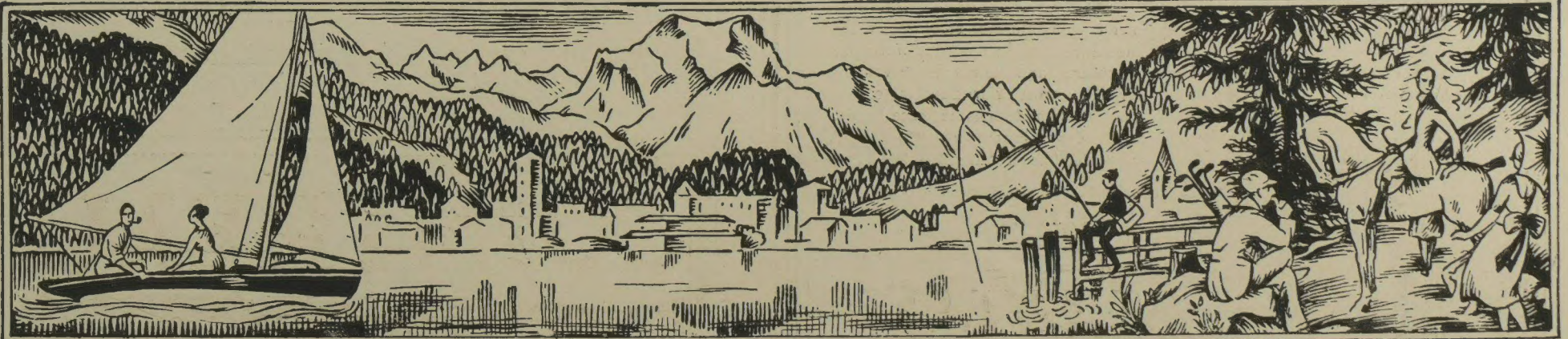


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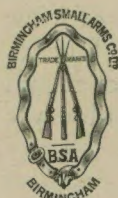
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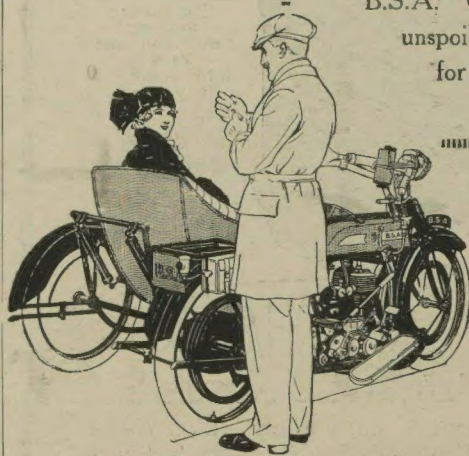
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